

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

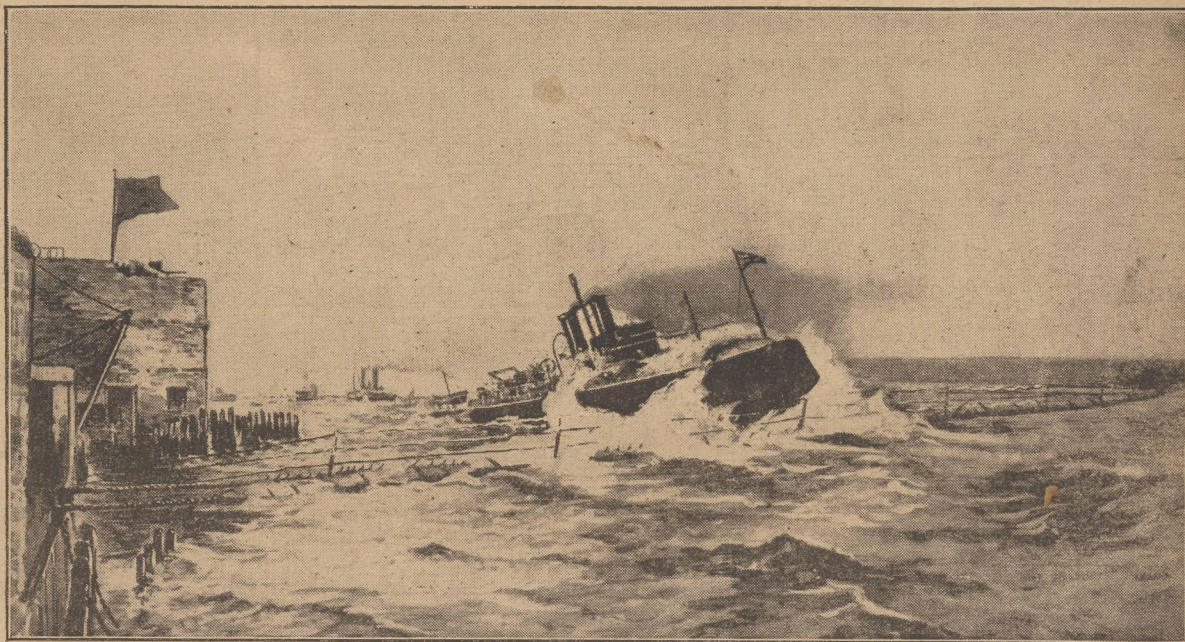
No. 475.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

PORTSMOUTH'S BOOM, STRETCHED TO-DAY TO REPEL A NAVAL ATTACK



The harbour will be closed while the boom is tried. The picture shows how the iron chain, pulled taut across the waterway, would baffle the attack of a torpedo-boat.
—(Photograph, Cribb, Southsea.)

BOOTMAKERS MARCH TO THE WAR OFFICE.



On the left is one of the strike leaders with his blanket around him. Then there is a sturdy cripple, determined to tell his troubles to Mr. Arnold-Forster. On the right is an important person in the parade—the man with the collecting-box.

PRINCE EITEL FRITZ CALLS ON THE KING.



The second son of the German Emperor went to Buckingham Palace yesterday to see his great-uncle, King Edward. He is sitting with his back to the horses.

Is and Prevent Baldness

Depot: 62, Gt. Russell Street, London

ROJESTVENSKY READY FOR BATTLE.

Baltic Squadrons Join and
Anxious for Action.

TOGO ELUDED.

Two Russian Cruisers Said to Have
Reached Vladivostok.

There is more stirring news to-day from the Far Eastern waters, where Togo and Rojestsvenky appear to be getting into decidedly closer quarters. The St. Petersburg correspondents of two Parisian newspapers convey the impression that Rojestsvenky is spoiling for a fight.

It is reported that the two Russian fleets under Rojestsvenky and Nebogatoff have joined in the open sea, off the coast of Annam, having been for a while to effect their junction within the radius of French territorial waters.

The combined fleets are understood to have taken a northward course, heading for Vladivostok, or, as one correspondent suggests, seeking a conflict with the Japanese fleet.

Two cruisers are even said to have got to Vladivostok, after eluding Togo's sentinels. They are the cruisers *Almaz* and *Jemchug*, belonging to Rojestsvenky's squadron.

Little is known of Togo.

The Japanese, says a Central News message, await coming naval events with calmness and without boasting—the characteristic mood in which an unbroken series of victories has been won on land so far.

FLEETS MEET OUT AT SEA.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The "Petit Journal's" St. Petersburg correspondent says:—According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin," the Russian Admiralty believes that the junction of the fleets of Rojestsvenky and Nebogatoff is an accomplished fact. A decisive and open advance to the north is now looked for, and it is firmly believed that Rojestsvenky is quite prepared to give battle.

—Central News.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The "Petit Journal" publishes the following telegram of yesterday's date from Saigon:—

Admiral Nebogatoff's squadron appeared twenty miles off the Cap Saint James estuary at daybreak this morning, and was preparing to go up the river to Saigon, where it is expected to find the necessary instructions for effecting its junction with the bulk of Admiral Rojestsvenky's fleet, and for obtaining a supply of fresh meat, but it was met at sea by a scout belonging to the Baltic fleet, which informed it of the desire expressed by France that the junction of the Russian naval forces should be effected outside Indo-Chinese territorial waters.

Admiral Nebogatoff's squadron was then seen to disappear seawards, and steam towards the main Russian fleet, which was doubtless waiting for it off the Annam coast.—Reuter.

TOGO'S SUPERIORITY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The naval correspondent of the Russian "Viedomosti" believes that Togo's delay is caused by the expectation of reinforcements to his fleet.

It is known (says the correspondent) that the Japanese were pushing forward to completion five new armoured cruisers, which are being constructed at Kure, Tokosuka, and Sasebo.

A more distinct threat for Admiral Rojestsvenky is the possibility of raising and repairing the Russian battleships sunk at Port Arthur.

The harbour itself has been cleared, as is shown by the fact that the steamship *Mongolia* was going to leave the harbour.

If the Japanese have managed to repair, for instance, the *Retvisan* and *Peresvet*, it would be a fatal blow for Admiral Rojestsvenky.

Admiral Togo's superiority would then be so great that the complete destruction of the Russian squadron would be inevitable.—Central News.

CRUISERS DODGE TOGO.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—It is reported here that the cruisers *Almaz* and *Jemchug*, two of the warships of Admiral Rojestsvenky's fleet, have eluded the Japanese and arrived at Vladivostok.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

The *Almaz* is a vessel of 2,355 tons displacement, she is a modern ship of 17,500 horse-power, and a speed of nineteen knots. Her decks are protected with 2½ in. armour. She has six torpedo tubes and six 4.7 guns.

ARREST OF ENGLISHMAN AS A SPY.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—M. A. E. Bouguin, a leading member of the French colony here, and his stepson, Mr. F. Strange, an Englishman, have been arrested here, and are charged with acts of espionage.—Reuter.

TOBACCO KING DEAD.

Mr. Duke, Who Attempted To Capture
the British Trade.

The death is announced of Mr. Washington Duke, head of the great American tobacco company.

Mr. Duke, who was in his eighty-fifth year, had a long and adventurous career. Originally a planter in one of the southern States, he found himself ruined by the American Civil War.

He then determined to go into the tobacco business. His beginning was a very small one, and his son, Mr. J. B. Duke, who will be remembered in England for an unsuccessful attempt to capture the British tobacco trade, has many a tale to tell of the rigid economy then practised in the firm.

Mr. Duke was reputed a millionaire several times over, and drew a salary of £20,000 a year as president of the tobacco company.

PRESIDENT AS PEACEMAKER.

America's Strong Man Leaves To Quell
Chicago Labour Riots.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The whole country is watching anxiously to see what President Roosevelt will do when he reaches the strike-stricken city of Chicago.

Will his presence replace anarchy with order, panic with confidence, and antagonism with a conciliatory spirit hopeful of peace?

It is a grave situation which a strong man like Roosevelt will seize and appreciate with the enthusiasm of a born ruler of men. It is a situation with the exact like of which he has not yet been confronted.

If he succeeds in bringing the warring forces to some understanding and quenching King Mob, he will have added another great accomplishment to a full and useful life.

Meanwhile Chicago remains in a state of revolutionary ferment, and sanguinary riots are the order of the day.

The "Omaha Bee" (Nebraska) states that Mr. Roosevelt, on being shown certain published statements declaring that the people would force him to accept renomination, emphatically reiterated his determination not to be a candidate for the Presidency again.

UNPOPULAR GUILLOTINE.

Paris in a Quandary Over First Execution
for Six Years.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Not since 1899 has an execution taken place in Paris, and now that the sentence of death on a man named Bresson has been confirmed by the Appeal Court, the question has arisen as to where the guillotine, which must be in a public place, is to be set up.

Several places have been proposed, only to meet with severe opposition by their respective inhabitants.

The most likely spot is the little Messier-street, in the Fifteenth Ward of the Montmarasse Quarter, but the dwellers there are not at all pleased at the prospect of having their repose disturbed by the crowd of girls and bad characters of all kinds who form the ordinary public at capital executions, and have lodged a vigorous protest.

The present agitation is a strong argument of abolishing public executions in France.

POISONED BY ROMANCE.

Excessive Reading Drives Morbid Lovers
to Suicide.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Nice has just been the scene of a remarkable double love tragedy.

There was nothing, according to the "Petit Parisien," to darken the romance of Luigi Borghesi, a young sculptor, and Ugolina Cassola, his nineteen-year-old sweetheart.

They were passionately devoted to one another, their financial position was secure, their parents were pleased with the prospective union.

Yesterday they blew their brains out in the Mazzano cemetery, and the only reason that can be assigned for the tragedy is excessive morbidity cultivated by the reading of love romances.

ATHANASIAN CREED TO STAND.

Strong opposition to any alteration in the Athanasian Creed was expressed at the two Houses of Convocation, Canterbury, yesterday.

The Bishops of Bristol and Birmingham had suggested the desirability of modifying the Creed, and a committee of the house then affirmed their conviction that the Creed should be retained unaltered.

BRIBERY BY WHOLESALE.

Steps To Check Amazing Corruption of
New York Police.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The police system of New York City is about to be reorganised. The first step was taken yesterday when Mr. McAdam, the police commissioner, placed two inspectors, eleven captains, and forty-seven sergeants on the retired list. The official reason for their retirement is on the grounds of physical disability, but the real reason is the commissioner's determination to rid the police force of the corrupt methods that have always obtained.

In New York City every gambling-house keeper, betting-room keeper, loose characters, and even burglars pay toll to the police, and, in consequence, their misdoings are winked at.

Beggars pay for the right to beg, and those wishing to unload carts in the streets must also pay. It is suggested that they are breaking some city by-law.

This system of bribery holds good from the policeman on his beat, and often, to the police commissioner. It is controlled and administered by Tammany Hall, an organisation living on blackmail.

When a sergeant is promoted to captain of police of a good precinct he has to pay \$8,000 for the privilege. Generally he is unable to raise this sum, so the gaming-house keepers, and the like, club together and raise the money for him.

The sum thus raised is deducted from the toll they are expected to pay later.

A captain's salary is \$2600 a year, yet from the proceeds of the tolls paid to him he is able to buy steam-yachts and frequently die worth \$500,000.

The nineteenth police precinct is known as the "Fat Joke," because it is so "fat and juicy."

In other words, it is the gayest quarter of the city, and consequently the police reap a rich harvest in that neighbourhood.

CLOSING A PORT.

Great Defence Boom Thrown Across Ports-
mouth Harbour For First Time.

Last night a large body of sailors began the work of throwing the defence boom across the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour.

This boom consists of heavily-spiked logs of timber and wire hawsers. It has never been spread before, and in order that it may be tested, all traffic has had to be stopped for a day, thus inflicting considerable loss upon the Admiralty and the steamboat owners.

Yesterday's work was of a preliminary nature. Early this morning some 300 sailors will begin getting the spiked logs into position. So heavy are the weights to be handled, that two powerful engines have to do the hauling, and four strong anchors will hold the rafts in position.

DOCTORS AND THE ENTENTE.

150 English Medical Men Splendidly Entertained by France.

For a week the medical profession is weakened by the absence of 150 doctors, the main body of whom, 100 strong, left Charing Cross yesterday morning for Paris on the return visit to that of French doctors to London last autumn.

Last night the party were received at the Sorbonne by M. Casimir-Perier, ex-President.

Visits to the hospitals are to be pleasantly interlarded by festivities and excursions.

The most eminent members of the medical profession in France have thrown themselves heartily into the spirit of the festivities, and the visitors, many of whom have taken their wives and families with them, will be splendidly entertained.

Sir William Broadbent is a member of the English party.

COMPOSER DIES IN DESTITUTION.

Signor Edoardo Rubini, a musician and composer famous in Europe thirty years ago, has died in New York in destitute circumstances at the age of sixty-three.

Just before his death he finished a grand opera, which he hoped would keep his wife and daughter from want for the rest of their lives.

Mr. Arthur Haserot, a Yale student and the son of a Cleveland millionaire, has been found dead with a revolver by his side in his dormitory at Newhaven.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Freshening south-westerly winds; fair, or fine and warm to unsettled with rain in places by afternoon or evening.

Lighting-up time, 8.36 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate generally.

LORD KITCHENER'S POSITION.

To Have a Free Hand To Carry
Out His Reforms.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Wednesday Night.—I am able to make the very important announcement that the Government have now practically come to a decision with regard to the representations made by Lord Kitchener as to the alterations he suggests in the position of Commander-in-Chief in India.

The differences which arose between Lord Kitchener and the India Council were referred to the home Government, and after due consideration the Government have found themselves unable to agree to the proposals put forward by Lord Kitchener that the Commander-in-Chief should have complete authority outside the India Council.

This means that Lord Curzon and the India Council have been supported against the views of the Commander-in-Chief, and in view of this decision it is just possible that Lord Kitchener may show his dissatisfaction by tendering his resignation.

This, however, is not likely to occur, because when the Government's decision is conveyed to Lord Kitchener he will be informed that in view of the special and national character of the work he has in hand as Commander-in-Chief in connection with the Indian defences, no interruption is to be made in the carrying out of that work during his tenure of office.

The position, therefore, comes to this, that Lord Kitchener is to have a free hand for the carrying out of his own special aims in India, but that there will be no permanent alteration made in the standing of the Commander-in-Chief in India.

SUMMER DRESS IN THE HOUSE.

Quite a transformation scene was effected in the sartorial appearance of the House of Commons this afternoon by the sudden burst of summer weather.

Grey frock-coats, suggestive of garden-parties, were worn by Mr. John Redmond, who sported a red rose, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Ian Malcolm, Mr. William Abraham ("Mabon"), and scores of lesser lights. Holland waistcoats made their appearance.

Dainty summer gowns could be seen behind the ladies' grille.

A great many M.P.s enjoyed their first cigar this session on the Terrace.

For the Nationalists it seemed to possess irresistible fascinations, several of whom, evidently desirous of "getting the sun," removed their hats and watched the passing traffic up and down the river.

One of the "bhoys" worked off a heavy correspondence in the open air.

"EARLY ELECTION."

Mr. Chamberlain Replies to "Gross Mts. representation" of His Fiscal Policy.

Mr. Chamberlain wrote to Lady Litchester, who presided at the annual meeting yesterday of the Women's Association of the Tariff Reform League, regretting his inability to be present, and adding:

"In view of the possibility of an early election I want to counter-balance the gross misrepresentations of our opponents both as to the objects and results of our policy."

"One would suppose, to listen to these critics, that a trifling duty of 2s. per quarter on corn—less than the ordinary fluctuation in price and corresponding to less than one farthing per loaf—would reduce the people of this country to starvation."

"We only propose a transfer of taxation, taking off taxes from articles such as tea, sugar, and tobacco, wholly paid by the people at home, and substituting a moderate tax on luxuries and on articles the duty on which will be largely paid by the foreigner."

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Duchess of Connaught has ordered from the North Bucks Lace Association some lace for Princess Margaret's trousseau.

As she was leaving Athens Station Queen Alexandra begged the Premier warmly to thank the people for their enthusiastic welcome and expressions of goodwill during her stay.

John Ashton, an octogenarian Holbeach farmer, has been drowned in six inches of water in a field, having fallen while unconscious.

As the warden of the penitentiary at Lincoln, Nebraska, shrank from the task of hanging a man sentenced to death for murdering his brother, the murderer has agreed to walk on to the scaffold and spring the trap himself. Law officials approve.

STRIKERS' ARMY NEARING LONDON.

"General" Gribble's Men Arrive
Safely at St. Albans.

FRIENDS EVERYWHERE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ON THE MARCH.)

ST. ALBANS, Wednesday.—Dusty and travel-stained, but bronzed faces and light step, the Raunds army of shoemakers marched in to the St. Albans Market-place this evening.

Luton and St. Albans are but ten miles apart, and the town clock had not yet struck six when "General" Gribble and his men with swinging step passed up the picturesque High-street. The little army was in perfect military formation of five companies. Even Pearson with his crutch kept time to the band. Being market-day farmers, cattle-dealers, and drovers were mingled with cyclists and hundreds of citizens of every age and rank.

Townpeople were prepared to see a turbulent crowd of haggard, unkempt men, and it was with genuine surprise that a burly farmer cried "They ain't so untidy as I and I!" It was true.

In Luton this morning every barber in the town was besieged, and "General" Gribble turned out his men on parade before the Corn Exchange at eleven o'clock thoroughly presentable in every way.

Over £17 Collected on Tuesday.

Luton had treated the strikers well. Not only had every man a bed, but more food was offered them than they knew what to do with, and yesterday the sixteen collectors found in their boxes £27 odd. There was one piece of gold—a motorist's contribution.

"We've done well so far," said "General" Gribble, but he would allow no extravagance or waste. It was again "early to bed," and promoters in busy Luton did not see many of the Raunds shoemakers in the streets. Councillor Oakley gave them all cigars, and wherever the men were billeted there was some kind of supper to be gratefully eaten.

First thing this morning came the "general's" inspection. Inflated and swollen feet had been attended to when he went his round, and there was not a murmur of complaint. "All fit for the day?" he asked in his brisk way, and from every one of the 116 came a prompt "All right."

Four halts for rest have been called to-day. Not a drop of rain has fallen since Raunds was left, and the sun has grown hotter each day. The dust has been trying, but "it's better than rain," say the men cheerfully.

Impostors' Modest Booty.

Telephone messages had told the Harpenden police of the two impostors who were "collecting" a couple of miles ahead, and Superintendent Haggell went out on his bicycle to meet them. He warned them that the Herefordshire police knew of their doings.

Where the counties of Herts and Beds adjoin, Superintendent Reynolds, in a four-wheeled dog-cart, met "General" Gribble and his little army. There was a "Halt," and an exchange of salutes. Then the "General" and the police officer spoke together for a minute.

"Let me give you a seat in my cart," said the latter. "and we can talk on the way." So, much to the delight of his men, the "General" climbed into the smart dogcart.

Everybody was out on the green to greet the shoemakers. Sympathisers had prepared lunch, and sitting on the cool grass the men contentedly ate bread and cheese. Then a cask of beer was brought out on to the green.

During lunch Edward Bird, the veteran who is nearly sixty, said to the *Daily Mirror*: "Why, mister, I often walk to Wellingborough and back in a day, twenty-six miles. See," and he pointed to his broad, well-fitting boots, "these are hand-sewn, and I made them myself. I'll walk until they're worn out, and my toes won't hurt any more than they do now."

After two hours on the pleasant green came the marching order again, and over the wide heath, golden with heather, went "General" Gribble and his army.

Soon St. Albans appeared perched high on the hill. Then came the triumphal entry and tea at the Liberal Club. Afterwards offers of beds poured in, and by nine o'clock all had found shelter for the night.

To-morrow morning the "army" will have an early lunch at the Liberal Club, and then take the road for Watford, only eight miles away. "General" Gribble has decided to visit that town owing to pressing invitations.

At six on Friday morning the final march will be commenced, and Pall Mall, it is hoped, will be reached by noon.

The Crown Hotel at Crickeewood has offered free accommodation and refreshments to the marchers, and it is therefore most probable that the route from Watford will be by way of Rickmansworth, Crickeewood, Harrow, and the Edgware-road.

FATHER'S FAREWELL.

Touching Tragedy of Broker Ruined
by a £1,000 Fine.

Consternation and grief have been caused on the Liverpool Cotton Exchange by the sensational suicide of one of its members, Mr. Alfred Huntingdon, who shot himself on the grave of his sister-in-law in Stretford Cemetery, Manchester, on Tuesday evening.

The circumstances are both pathetic and remarkable. Mr. Huntingdon had been recently fined £1,000 by the directors of the Exchange for a breach of the Exchange rules.

On Tuesday night Mr. Huntingdon went to the Stretford Cemetery, and asked to be shown his sister-in-law's grave, and as he manifested violent grief on it being pointed out to him, the attendant left him a few minutes.

A Dramatic Scene.

Afterwards two ladies saw him untie a parcel, which contained a rock rifle. This he pointed at his head and blew his brains out.

His body fell across the grave, and the unfortunate man died with a moan.

Among correspondence found in his pockets was a letter showing he had been fined £1,000, and, as he had not paid the sum, the association had impounded certain shares which he held in the association.

He had written a touching letter to the directors in which he said they had taken all he possessed, and had left him in the helpless position of a working man without tools.

"Help Each Other."

A more pathetic letter was addressed to "My dear children," of whom there are six, and the widow. In it he says: "Help each other and stick together in life. Above all, help dear, dear mother. Your duty in life is first to God, next your dear mother, and then to your sister. Watch over and protect her."

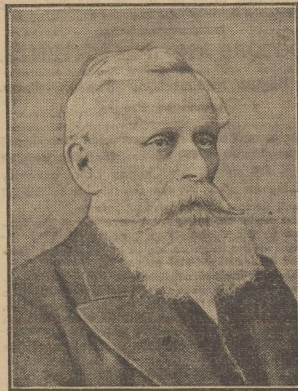
"Be truthful and just in all things, and when you grow up this kindly of your father. Poor little souls, you will never know how deeply your father has been wronged."

Mr. Huntingdon was to have appeared before the Board of the Liverpool Cotton Association yesterday afternoon in respect of his fine.

FAMOUS IRONMASTER DEAD.

Sir Bernhard Samuelson, Liberal Ex-M.P. and
Octogenarian Yachtsman.

Sir Bernhard Samuelson died at his London home yesterday afternoon in his eighty-sixth year. For a time Continental manager to Messrs. Sharp, Stewart, and Co., a well-known firm of engineers, he founded large railway works at



SIR BERNHARD SAMUELSON.

Tours, in France, and subsequently became the proprietor of an immense business on Tees-side.

He sat in Parliament for more than thirty years as member for Banbury and North Oxfordshire, and was a staunch Liberal. His chief amusement was yachting, but he was always a shrewd man of business. Twice married, he leaves seven children. Two of his sons have been M.P.s.

PACKED HOUSE FOR THE "RING."

The second "Ring" cycle began at Covent Garden last night, and the house was again crammed from floor to roof for the performance of "Das Rheingold."

An important change in the cast was made in the figure of Herr Van Rooy as Wotan. The famous baritone sang and acted superbly.

Everything else went as well as it did last week.

IS THE THEATRE UNFIT FOR GIRLS?

Leading Theatrical Men on an
Interesting Query.

SIR H. IRVING'S REPLY.

Miss Marie Tempest has told the "New York Herald" that, in her opinion, the theatre is not fit for young people.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* sought the opinion of the leading lights of the stage in London, and obtained some characteristic replies.

Must a stage play, to be true to life, necessarily be improper? Is Miss Tempest right in saying that the theatre is "the last place on earth for young girls?"

These were the questions propounded.

Sir H. Irving's View.

Sir Henry Irving, with the famous "red posters" in his mind, replied:

And Germany agrees with Miss Marie Tempest. And if you uphold the theatre honestly, frankly, and with wise discrimination, the stage will uphold in the future, as it has in the past, the literature, the manners, the morals, the fame, and the genius of our country.

Counsel was next taken with Mr. George Alexander, who is perhaps the favourite actor of the girl who has just left school.

"The theatre is for all ages and for all time," was the dictum of "John Chilcote, M.P." Chilcote's double, in the person of Mr. W. J. Thorold, was more definite.

"All life is not immoral, nor are all plays," said he.

Next, Mr. George Edwardes was asked if all theatrical performances are calculated, in the words of Mr. Popsnap, "to call a blush to the cheek of a young person."

Nursery the Best Place.

Mr. Edwardes replied in one blunt, straightforward sentence, expressing the views of a practical man who has made successful theatrical management a life study.

I think the nursery is the best place for very young girls.

Miss Tempest's views have evidently given Mr. Arthur Bourchier pause.

"I feel sure Miss Tempest has been wrongly reported," he declares. "Surely only vulgar plays are unfit for young people."

Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Irene Vanbrugh both prefer to express no public opinion on so delicate a question.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh finds the Lord Chamberlain to blame.

"The development of the drama in many clean and decent directions is forbidden by the censorship. Political satire or caricature is forbidden to the dramatist, though it is enjoyed to infinity by the Press."

"Miss Tempest is one of our most brilliant comedienne, and I believe that she has more than once felt the galling hand of an arbitrary Lord Chamberlain."

"In the free atmosphere of America she rejoices at the opportunity of saying a few plain words on the subject. I do not think the incident means more than that."

"Finally, I put this question to the Lord Chamberlain—it is one upon which he can give his opinion, because it is on a matter which is outside his authority."

"I ask him to state upon his honour as a man and a gentleman does he think the statues in the Crystal Palace ought to wear kilts?"

RATE WAR REVIVAL.

Fresh Secessions from North Atlantic Passenger
Agreements.

There is a rumour of a fresh outbreak of the North Atlantic rate war.

The Cunard Company and the North Atlantic Combine, which includes the White Star and American Lines, have been unable to arrive at terms for the future sailing of the American Line mail-boats from New York to Southampton, in consequence of which the Cunard Company threatened to withdraw from the North Atlantic Conference.

Yesterday the whole of the steamship companies in the Conference were unable to arrive at terms. The combine had given notice to withdraw, so as to enable them to protect themselves against any action that the Cunard Company might see fit to take.

ARTIST AND ARTIST'S MODEL.

Mr. Blair Leighton, the artist, attended Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday in order to testify to the excellent character of Ellen Stanley Smith, a model on the staff of the Royal Academy, who was acquitted yesterday of stealing money from Mr. George Sealy, 13, Eaton-terrace, St. John's Wood, at which address she lived.

M.P.'S RASH PROMISE.

Elderly Gardener Anxious for Mr.
Marshall Hall's Three Acres and a Cow.

Redhill and the surrounding neighbourhood are anxiously awaiting the result of Mr. Marshall Hall's political challenge, issued the other night at a Conservative meeting at Reigate.

During a speech by the prospective Unionist candidate, Captain Rawson, a Liberal heckler cried, "What about the three acres and a cow?" It was Mr. Henry Turney, a Redhill gardener, who has been an earnest Liberal more than thirty years.

After Captain Rawson had finished, Mr. Marshall Hall said:

I noticed that when Captain Rawson was speaking one of our many young fellows at the back of the hall, whom I am so very pleased to see here, asked him: "How about the three acres and a cow?"

I personally should be very pleased to give him three acres if I thought he would ever take the trouble to cultivate them, and possibly also the cow if he knew how to milk her. I have very great doubts, from the appearance of the gentleman who asked the question, as to whether he knows how to use a spade or a hoe, and I shouldn't think he would quite know how to handle the cow.

These words were taken down in shorthand at the time, and Mr. Turney forthwith wrote to Mr. Marshall Hall and claimed the "three acres and a cow."

Mr. Hall has explained that his offer arose from a misunderstanding, and that he does not intend to test Mr. Turney's capability for agricultural pursuits.

Mr. Turney yesterday said to the *Daily Mirror*: "Mr. Hall made his offer at a public meeting, and as I am quite capable of fulfilling the conditions of his challenge, I expect him to keep his word."

"I am not a young fellow, and have had experience of farm work all my life. The 'three acres and a cow' would be well cared for."

DINNER TREASURE HUNT.

Mr. Waldorf Astor's Guests Amuse Themselves
by Digging in Model Desert.

The Roman general, Lucullus, has, in the matter of luxurious hospitality, a modern rival in Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the millionaire.

This prince of hosts has signalled his departure from Cairo with a magnificent dinner to fourteen fortunate guests.

In the centre of the table was a miniature desert, in the middle of which rose tiny models of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

An oasis, with palms, toy camels, and dolls dressed as Arabs, says the "Gentlewoman," was also represented, while a tiny stream representing the Nile meandered round the edge of this little waste of sand.

After the ices had been served the guests were presented with a toy pick and shovel in gold, and were instructed to dig for treasure in the sand before them.

Each guest discovered specimens of authenticated old Egyptian jewellery or rare old coins, as a souvenir of the feast.

£26,000 FOR CHARITY.

Mill Boy Who Built Up a Great Cloth
Business by Sheer Perseverance.

Out of a fortune of £229,940, Mr. H. H. Bolton, J.P., the well-known Lancashire colliery proprietor, of Rossendale, left £26,000 to be distributed amongst a variety of religious institutions and charities.

To each of his employees he bequeathed a Bible, "well-bound and of good type," and his legacy to John Kershaw, his joiner, was £200 and a gun. Alderman Peter Leycock, a large cloth manufacturer, of Leeds, who left nearly £30,000, started life as a mill-boy with little or no education, and built up his business by sheer perseverance.

His mill he called "Perseverance Mill," and he also founded "The Perseverance Temperance Hall."

Sir Edward Fleet Ailford, of the famous Hong Kong firm of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co., who was recently chairman of the Shanghai General Chamber of Commerce, left estate to the value of £58,692.

The estate of Mr. Henry Seabright, who had served with some of the leading hunts for half a century, has been sworn at £680.

PRINCESS'S FEAR OF RIVAL.

The attachment of the Princess of Wales is expected in June, and it is an open secret (says the "Gentlewoman") that she wishes for a little girl.

Asked the other day if she would not like a sister, that delightfully naive child, Princess Mary, responded, "Oh, yes, I should like to have a sister, but not if she's to be a Princess."

The Prince of Wales is to inaugurate the London County Council's service of Thames steamboats on Saturday, June 17.

WIFE'S LETTERS IN BABY TALK.

Pathetic Way of Coaxing Back a
Husband's Affection.

SCRIPTURAL TAUNTS.

Allegations of cruelty of a very unusual character were made in a divorce case yesterday against her husband by Mrs. William Henry Watson, of Braystones, Cumberland, and Steelfield Hall, Gosforth.

One aspect of the wife's complaint was that Mr. Watson—a gentleman who had exhibited in the Royal Academy—taunted her with a passage from St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands"—which he read repeatedly at family prayers in the dining-room of their country house.

He is also charged with having prayed before the servants "that his wife might be delivered from foolishness," because she was going to take the baby to Grasmere.

Mrs. Watson, who is asking for a divorce, included other complaints of a religious character in the long indictment which she brought against her husband yesterday.

Forced to Go to Church.

She said that he had forced her to go to church when she was ill, and had made her attend the Communion service with him.

Mr. Hume Williams, K.C. (counsel for Mr. Watson): Do you mean to say that he compelled you to go to the Holy Communion with him?

Mrs. Watson: Practically.

Mr. Justice Deane: What do you mean by "practically"?

Mrs. Watson: I had to go, because I knew he would make a great row if I refused.

While part of Mrs. Watson's grievance represented her husband as possessing too great religious zeal, she presented other complaints that made him appear in a very different light.

She accused him of:
1. Kicking her.
2. Getting intoxicated.
3. Pushing her out of bed.
4. Compromising himself with a servant at Steelfield Hall.

The marriage took place in 1892. Insobriety on the part of Mr. Watson, said Mr. Priestley, K.C., counsel for Mrs. Watson, led to unhappiness after a time. Mrs. Watson had a private income of £600 a year, and her husband reduced this to £100 by getting her to borrow several thousands of pounds from her relations.

"Baby" Love-Letters.

At one time she filed a petition for judicial separation, but it was dropped, and a deed of separation was drawn up.

While Mrs. Watson, a tall, handsome woman very tastefully dressed, was in the witness-box she was cross-examined about her life with her husband at the time she said he was treating her badly. Did she write letters containing baby talk to him? Mr. Williams asked.

As an illustration of what he meant by "baby talk," counsel read extracts:—

Ever o's own lovey wifey.—Maud.
Heaps and heaps of love from Babs and your own lovey wife.

Will o be able to get back on Saturday, does o think?

My darling Babs sends father a great big kiss.

Mrs. Watson replied that there were times when her husband did not drink. She was only too glad to forget his delinquencies in the intervals.

How was it, counsel also asked, that at a time when she was being abused and ill-treated by her husband, she went and knelt with him at the altar? "I was not thinking of him, or anything to do with him," replied Mrs. Watson gently.

The case was adjourned.

PATHOS OF POVERTY.

Girl Recognises Her Lost Father while
Reciting in the Workhouse.

After having been separated for several years by poverty, a little pauper girl and her father met the other evening at a Strand Union entertainment.

The child was giving a recitation, when she suddenly stopped and called out "Father!" at a man sitting among the listening paupers.

It was a touching re-union, and parent and child broke down as they clasped each other.

JUDGE ON PUBLIC BAKERIES.

"What with bakers acting as betting men and foreigners entering the business anyone seems to be good enough for the bakery trade nowadays," said Judge Emden at the hearing of a summons against a British baker, who was also a bookmaker, yesterday.

"It will be a happy day for this country when we have public bakeries."

FEUD OVER COFFIN.

Amazing Quarrel Over Money at a
Funeral.

A funeral that was almost Irish in its wealth of exciting episode was described in Mr. Justice Ridley's court during the hearing yesterday of rival claims to the sum of £200.

Mr. Alexander Towns, a Kennington cab proprietor, was the plaintiff. Mrs. Earwicker, his sister-in-law, and her husband were the defendants. Mr. Towns contended that his wife, who died recently, meant that he should have £200 in gold and notes which she had drawn out of the bank and placed in a cash-box in her bedroom.

Mrs. Earwicker, who had nursed Mrs. Towns through her illness, was equally positive that her sister had made before her death a present of the money to her, Mrs. Earwicker.

An unfortunate time was chosen for the first attempt to settle the delicate question of ownership. The funeral was just about to start from Mr. Towns's house in Kennington, when Mr. Towns, coming into the room where the coffin lay, said, according to his deceased wife's sister:

"All of you come down. There will be no funeral unless I can settle with Mrs. Earwicker."

After the undertakers and mourners "came down" Mr. Towns is alleged to have put himself into a fighting posture, and to have declared that he meant "to settle the matter by blood and brains." He is also said to have announced that "there would be more corpses than one to bury."

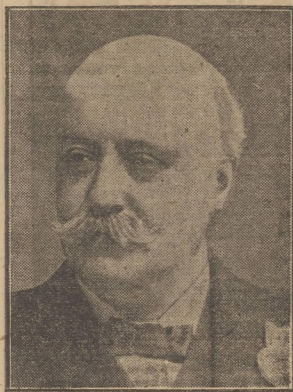
Attracted by the noise within, a large crowd, estimated to have numbered a thousand, assembled outside the house.

Calming down a little, Mr. Towns went away for a few minutes to allow his adversaries to think the matter over. They took advantage of his absence to retire to their home.

Afterwards, they say, they forwarded Mr. Towns £50, being moved to do so by his threats. This sum was made the subject of a counter-claim. "It was a Godsend you cleared off after the funeral," Mr. Towns is stated to have written afterwards to Mr. Earwicker. "The crowd would have torn you to pieces when they learned that you had robbed the dead."

The verdict was for the defendants on the claim, and for the plaintiff on the counter-claim.

FAMOUS COMPOSER ILL.



Sir Hubert Parry is, to the regret of his numerous friends, lying seriously ill.

MANOR MYSTERY.

£2,000 Worth of Jewels Stolen—Foreign
Servant Missing.

Jewels to the value of about £2,000 have been stolen from Rake Manor, Milford, near Godalming.

They are the property of Mrs. Cavan Irving, who at present is in London, and her sister, the wife of Colonel Bailey. The principal items are:—

Emerald ring, valued at £1,000;
Old enamel pendant, set with emeralds and large pearls;
Gem-set bracelets and rings.

At the time of the robbery there was a large house-party, for which a foreigner was temporarily engaged as a servant.

The person cannot be found, and the police are taking a keen interest in his whereabouts.

TRUNK TRAGEDY ANALYSIS.

The fact that Dr. Gordon Hogg, the West Midland coroner, will to-day resume his inquest on the bodies of Mrs. Devereux and her twin sons suggests that the Home Office analysts have completed their important and extensive investigations. The police-court proceedings against the husband are also to be continued at Harlesden to-day.

PLUNGE INTO FIERY FURNACE.

Crazy Man Leaps Into a Sea of
Molten Metal.

COMRADES' HORROR.

At some ironworks at Sparkbrook, Birmingham, has just taken place one of the most horrible tragedies of self-murder ever recorded. A workman deliberately flung himself into a cupola full of molten metal, and was utterly consumed before the eyes of several of his comrades. Not a particle even of his clothing could be recovered.

Thomas Lawton, who lived with his young wife and aged mother, had always been a merry, jovial young fellow. Quite recently he became moody, irascible, and depressed, and the change in his demeanour had been much commented on at the works of Messrs. Francis, where he was employed.

When he ceased work at half-past five in the evening he seemed lost to go home. He was heard to remark, "Well, if this is work I have done enough of it." Having loitered about for some time on the platform, he was then seen to have drained the tankard remarked to a fellow workman, "That's the last drop I shall have."

Smiled Upon Death.

But no one was prepared for the ghastly deed that followed. Shortly after nine o'clock he was seen in the dim light to mount the twelve steps leading to a platform on which are the open mouths of the smelting cupolas. The contents were at white heat, and for a moment his face gleamed in the brilliant light from below. He seemed to smile, it is said, as though the glowing metal fascinated him. He had no occasion to go, and no business to be up there on the platform.

And then the men working below heard something fall into a cupola. "Tom Lawton has fallen in," gasped one, deathly pale and almost paralysed with horror. A moment later, as others peered into the raging depths from the platform, they caught glimpses of something dark—something that just before had been a living man. They shuddered and staggered back, for the fierce heat was deadly, even at that distance.

There could be no shadow of doubt that the poor fellow had died instantly. Nothing that breathes could have lived ten seconds in that cupola. As swiftly as possible the contents of the cupola were thoroughly raked over, but not a vestige of Thomas Lawton could be seen.

Those of his former comrades who had to break the terrible news to his wife and mother broke down utterly.

BREATH FROM THE COUNTRY.

The Latest and Most Interesting Development
of Modern Journalism.

Hitherto the thousands of people who try to take an intelligent interest in the beautiful objects with which Nature surrounds us on every hand have been without a popular weekly organ.

"The Country-Side"—the first number of which will be published on Wednesday, May 17—will put an end to this reproach. Edited by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, the well-known authority upon all natural history subjects, and published at the popular price of a penny per week, this Nature paper will meet a need that has long been felt. Lightly written and profusely illustrated articles about the birds that make the woodlands vocal, the wild flowers that Nature spreads like a carpet over the land, and the teeming animal and insect life which is so full of wonder and delight, will make its pages exceptionally interesting.

Owing to the great demand that has already manifested itself for this newest and most attractive venture in journalism, all who wish to make sure of a copy of the first issue of "The Country-Side" will do well to place an order at once with the newsagent for its regular delivery.

FREAK OF A LADY ARTIST.

The West London magistrate took a sympathetic view of the case of Kate Harris, described as a lady artist, and living at Longridge-road, Kensington, who was charged yesterday with stealing a pair of boots from a shop at Notting Hill.

It will be remembered that she said she did so in order to get material for a newspaper article on police cells.

Mr. Lane, after reading the doctor's certificate, handed her over to her friends.

LONG SERVICE OF NO AVAIL.

After twenty-six years at the Civil Service Stores, Frank Whittle, aged fifty-four, a warehouseman, who committed suicide in the River Lea, had been discharged because business was slack.

At the inquest yesterday the widow stated that she had heard her husband sobbing in bed because he was unable to find work.

CUP SOLD FOR £1,820.

Collector's Vast Treasures and Lady's
£30,000 Jewels at Auction.

A James II. silver two-handled cup and cover realised £1,820 at Christie's yesterday. It weighs 98oz. 7dwts., and bears the London hall-mark of 1685.

Bidding opened at 40s, an ounce, and did not cease until 370s, an ounce was reached. A George II. two-handled cup and cover fetched £368 10s.

Collectors await with keen interest the dispersal of the art collection of the late Mr. Louis Huth, the well-known banker, which will commence next Wednesday.

His taste must have been versatile in the extreme, for there seems to be no class of object in favour with collectors unrepresented. The first five days will be occupied with porcelain, furniture, and objects of art—the description fills eighty pages.

The pictures and drawings are equally important. Crome, Constable, Morland, Corot, Reynolds, and Gainsborough are all represented, the last by seven works and Morland by nine. The engravings include practically all the choicest examples of English engraving at its best.

After the prints will come the library, the sale of which will occupy two days, and the concluding day will be devoted to the sale of Mr. Huth's choice early English silver. There are rare Elizabethan tankards, ewers, and flagons, and James I. standing cups and covers.

In all the sale of the collection will occupy nine days, and it is expected to realise about £100,000.

A titled lady, whose name has not been revealed, has placed jewels worth £30,000 in the hands of Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Sons for sale on Friday week.

The 226 "lots" include a gold snuff-box presented in 1839 to the then Earl of Uxbridge by the Grand Duke Alexander, afterwards Tsar, but was not among the jewels of the late Marquis of Anglesey, who was also Earl of Uxbridge.

NOT "ACCIDENT" IN LAW.

Workman Poisoned by Work, but Cannot
Have Compensation.

Their Lordships of the Court of Appeal yesterday laid it down that the contraction of lead poisoning was not "an accident" within the meaning of the Workmen's Compensation Act.

In so doing they upset the ruling of the Judge in the Birkenhead County Court, who ordered Messrs. Cannon, Laird, and Co., shipbuilders, to pay damages to one of their caulkers, who, after twenty-seven years in their service, and constant contact with red and white lead, had his system poisoned and was incapacitated by consequent paralysis.

The Master of the Rolls, whilst admitting the cause of the man's inability to work, said it was impossible to find the particular moment when the "accident," as it was said to be, happened, and therefore he must differ from the county court decision.

POETRY AND "E. s. d."

Showing How Very Poorly the Muses Are
Appreciated in the Suburbs.

There is a very poor demand for poetry in Peckham, where in less utilitarian days Goldsmith first met Smollett.

Beyond the gratification of seeing himself in print, through the medium of a little volume of verse entitled "Jottings by the Way," a local bard named Liff Cook lost heavily by his poetic venture.

He was sued at Lambeth County Court yesterday by the printer of the prospectus for £4, and judgment was given by consent for £3.

Judge Emden, with laughter, read the following stanza from the work:—

What forms the sun of human dreams
When in our youth the sunlight streams
Across our path and makes us glad
When all around us makes us mad,
When building castles in the air,
The future roseate and fair
Presents itself to the eye—
What is the thing for which we sigh?
Tis E. s. d.

The author—a middle-aged gentleman—"Unfortunately I did not get much E. s. d. out of it. The book cost me £50, and the total proceeds were 15s."

* * * You can save 37½ per cent. by subscribing now to the "Overseas Daily Mail." Subscriptions for this connecting link between the Mother Country and the loved ones over the seas will be accepted until June 30th for 6s. per annum, post free. On and after July 1st the subscription for this same publication will be 8s. per annum. Address the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, E.C.

QUESTION OF THE CAPTAINCY.

Men Who Will Be Considered by
the Selection Committee—Why
Not Harry Foster?

FRY'S DOUBLE CENTURY.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

A suggestion has been made that there should be five different captains appointed for the Test matches, commencing with Jones, at Nottingham—in itself a sensible suggestion—continuing with Jackson, Warner, and others at the different cricket centres where each is accustomed to captain his side.

The suggestion has found little favour, however, with the more experienced judges of the game, and it is almost certain that, if it is by any means possible, the same man will play "skipper" throughout.

Taking this as a basis for argument, F. S. Jackson is not likely to be appointed to the coveted position in the event of his inability to spare time to play solidly throughout the season.

Of A. C. MacLaren's ability as a captain and as a batsman there can be no two opinions, and it must also be borne in mind that he has had a wealth of experience against the Colonials. But in choosing a skipper there is always, for various reasons, more in it than meets the eye, and this should be borne in mind when weighing the pros and cons of all the candidates for this post of honour.

Warner Well in the Running.

Warner demonstrated his ability to make runs in no uncertain manner on Monday, and if he can reproduce such form against stronger bowling, he may go very near scooping the post.

Jones has proved thus early that he can get runs, and plenty of them, against the Australians, and he is undoubtedly a man in whom every confidence can be placed to do the right thing at the right moment.

But the same deterrent crops up in his case as in that of Jessop. Both are useful bowlers at the crucial moment. And it is probable that either of them might be diffident in having a bang. Moreover, if a captain is considering the advisability of his own bowling he is likely to miss some points of the game of the moment.

"Ranji" and Fry are both likely to play in all the "Testers," and of the two it is probable that Fry would be given the preference, as he is Ranji's captain in county cricket. Somehow, however, there seems to be a feeling that neither of the Sussex cricks will be appointed, but why and whence arose this subtle idea I do not know.

Harry Foster Being Considered.

I am naturally not merely speaking on my own when I ask "What's the matter with H. K. Foster?" Many good judges have already asked each other the same question, and it is a query that affords much food for thought.

H. K. Foster is a player who appears to improve every year, and though to a certain extent overshadowed by the brilliance of his brother "Fip's" performances, it is quite an open question which is the better man for a side. H. K. is eminently sound; R. E. is pre-eminently brilliant. Tact, a cool head in emergencies, a thorough knowledge of the game, keenness, and popularity are all necessary ingredients of that nice mixture, "a perfect captain."

Harry Foster has proved himself possessed of all these attributes on the cricket field; as for the cool head and quick ability to take advantage of an opening, his wonderful performances at racquets, when out of training and practice, are too well-known to be dwelt on at length.

The M.C.C. had "two-pence" of Fry again yesterday, the sun and C. B. combining to make them warm and healthy. The season has opened with some extraordinary performances, but Fry "snaffles" the proverbial bun with currants in rather easily. This last performance puts his number of double centuries up to four, and constitutes a record.

Century by Jones.

Armstrong and Darling played vigorous cricket at Trent Bridge, and the Australian skipper felt justified in declaring at 1.30 with 303 runs in hand. Jones and Iremonger opened very well for Nottingham, settling down for a long stay. His magnificent innings of 103, following as it does his 72 of Tuesday, will have to be seriously considered in picking the first Test match side.

Surrey scored a grand victory at the Oval, in spite of a fine effort by Llewellyn and Bacon to pull the game out of the fire. This makes Surrey's second victory, and "may they long continue." Hayes and Lees must be congratulated on their big share in a great game.

F. B. WILSON.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Tomkinson, wife of Mr. James Tomkinson, M.P. for the Crewe Division of Cheshire, died yesterday in London after an operation. She was the only daughter of Sir George Hudson Palmer, of Wanlip Hall, Leicester.

Haymaking will soon be in full swing in the neighbourhood of Exeter. A field of grass has already been cut, and the crop is a good one.

Lord Lewisham, eldest son of the Earl of Dartmouth, has consented to stand as Unionist candidate for West Bromwich.

Demolition of slum property has provided a much-needed open space at Ufford-street, New Cut, a congested part of South London, noted for hoologanism a short while ago.

Committed at Crewe, charged with housebreaking and theft, a woman excused herself on the ground that twenty-eight years ago she was bitten by a dog. This, she said, occasionally turned her mad.

Hearing her two-year-old child scream yesterday a Walsend mother was alarmed to find it being savagely attacked by a cockerel. A doctor attended to the baby's scratched face, and the bird is to be destroyed.

Princess Alexandra of Teck will open the annual sale of the North Bucks Lace Association at Surrey House, Marble Arch, on Tuesday next. Interesting exhibits at the loan collection will include a point d'Alençon robe made for the Empress Josephine.

It was a curious fact, said Coroner Westcott, at Hackney, yesterday, that nearly every person who committed suicide by drowning partially undressed before entering the water. Women generally discarded their bonnets and men their boots.

Missing his footing whilst stepping from one vessel to another in the Walker Shipyard, Newcastle, yesterday, Charles Bushy, aged nineteen, fell forty feet and was killed.

Carion crows attacked a sheep so savagely in a field at Ashfordby, Leicestershire, that the animal has had to be killed.

Covered tramcars on the South London routes have met with such success that the London County Council intend to continue to build cars with roofs over the outside seats.

In reopening the Lowestoft Y.M.C.A. yesterday, the president said it had been decided to allow smoking in the social hall. If they could not smoke there young men would go elsewhere.

Between 700 and 800 girls have attended the cookery classes held in Surrey elementary schools during last session. The superintendent says they have practised at home what they were taught.

Special resolutions passed by the Liverpool Corporation Tramways Committee decree that dogs may be carried on the platforms of the cars in baskets or hamper at ordinary passenger fares. The total weight is not to exceed 28lb.

PET DOGS £1,000 APIECE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



A general view of the kennels in which are exhibited two tricolour spaniels priced at £1,000 each, a Pomeranian at the same figure, a King Charles spaniel at £800, and many cheaper animals at from £25 downwards. There are 430 special prices.—(Russell.)

Archbishop Bourne has appointed a literary committee of bishops and laymen to compile a uniform hymn book for the whole Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain. At present every diocese has practically a hymnal of its own.

Colchester Museum has just received a present of a small Roman coffin. Its previous owner had made a hole in it, and had used it as a sink.

Five shillings was the price paid yesterday for a whole row of cupids in the dress circle ornamental front at the old Olympic Theatre, which is now being demolished.

Leicester unemployed became jubilant on receipt of a cheque for £25. Now, however, the local bank authorities say that the cheque is a bogus one issued twenty-four years ago.

In recognition of his services as Sunday-school teacher for a period of seventy years, Mr. William Knowles, Barrow Hill, Staveley, Derbyshire, has been presented with a purse of gold.

Chester Education Committee have acceded to an application for a grant of money towards the "cricket expenses" of the city and county girls' school, which is temporarily located in the county stand of Chester Racecourse.

Milkmen are waging fierce war against a new dairy company in Gloucester. "New milk, two pence per quart," shouted the men in charge of the newcomers' carts; whereupon, the local purveyors, not to be outdone, retorted with: "New milk, three halfpence per quart." Local housewives are reaping the benefit of the competition.

By recent legislation, said the Countess of Aberdeen at the Women's Liberal Federation yesterday, the Conservative Party had affirmed the general principles of Home Rule in recognising the necessity of local government in all parts of Ireland.

On a chapel not far from Manchester appears the following notice: "Balaam's Ass speaks tonight at 7.30."

Although seventy-seven years of age, Mr. Samuel Odley pluckily jumped into the upper lake at Roundhay Park, Leeds, and rescued a little boy who had fallen in.

Whilst the landlord of a Leeds public-house was out getting a shave, a drunken man entered his premises and was served with beer. The landlord was fined 20s. and costs.

Residents in St. John's-street, Keswick, were startled by the bawling of a wandering lunatic, who was found undressed in a doorway at 3 a.m. by a policeman. His clothes were found five miles away, near Thirlmere.

Fish is extraordinarily plentiful in the Channel between the Welsh coast and Ireland, Milford Haven market being glutted in consequence. Only 4s. was paid yesterday for fish that would have cost £3 6s. wholesale at Easter.

Llanamnon (Wales) school-children travel several miles and eat their dinners on the roadside, or in the adjoining fields. Farmers complain of the trespass, and the clerk of the school authority has been directed to communicate with the head teacher on the subject.

IMARI WINS THE CHESTER CUP.

Popular Win for Mr. W. Low, a
Popular Owner.

SUCCESSFUL FESTIVAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CHESTER, Wednesday Night.—That historic race, known in modern times as the Chester Cup, was won this afternoon by Mr. W. Low's Imari from Mark Time, Throwaway, and seven other competitors.

It was a popular victory. Thousands thronged the enclosures, crowded the slopes, and crowned the ancient walls bordering the Roodey. There is no other racecourse in England like this amphitheatre by the Dee.

One could appreciate the volume of the cheering. It was concentrated as at a final Cup-tie at the Crystal Palace, but the scene was more picturesque if not more enlivening.

Foremost among the distinguished folk to arrive were the Duke and Duchess of Westminster and the house-party from Eaton Hall, and a merry note was struck for the general body of visitors when the Duke's well-known colours figured on Dapplegrey, winner of the opening race.

Duke of Westminster's Popularity.

The yellow jacket so closely identified with Chester and its racing interests takes first place (whatever its fortunes) in popular esteem here. The action of the late Duke in saving the meeting from extinction is well remembered. Its success is now assured. The present gathering will probably yield some £15,000 revenue, affording big profits to the racecourse executive and considerable sums in relief to the rates.

"Cup day" is an annual festival for the local folk for miles around. It is an occasion, too, for house-parties at all the neighbouring country seats. No patron of racing is better known than Mr. Willy Low, but there were many others in the field fully confident of taking the 2,000 sovs in specie, the silver trophy, and the prize cheese which reward the winner.

That magnificent horse, Mark Time, grew into as great favouritism as Caro before the starters were marshalled at the post, and the men who bet heavily divided their attention over others such as Karakoul, Throwaway, and Belliver Tor.

A Horse of Moods.

Racing experts and others know that Caro is a horse of moods, but there was a general opinion that he would at last win a big prize for the Duke of Portland. This noble owner never bets a shilling, so there was an obvious moral when Caro held his place in the market, although money poured in by the ton on behalf of others, especially in support of Mark Time.

No two thoroughbreds in training are of such utterly different types as Mark Time and Karakoul, which pair have been rivals tested over hurdles and on the flat. Both belong to owners who bet very heavily, and their keenness to-day was as marked as in the famous matches.

Throwaway showed an undesirable vivacity as the lot got marshalled at the starting-gate, and several opponents narrowly missed feeling the weight of his heels. His fractiousness was a source of danger to the line, and a cause of delay. The starter naturally has an eye chiefly on the wrong-doer, and it therefore frequently happens that the mischief-maker gets the best of the ultimate manoeuvres.

Throwaway's Good Start.

So it happened with Throwaway, and the tremendous shout which greeted the lifting of the starting-barrier called attention to his leading place as the troop jumped off. Throwaway was clear immediately, and crossed to the inner berth—a position of great advantage on this circuit-like course. He was closely followed by Merry Andrew and Roe O'Neil.

Caro began sourly, did not improve his position, and virtually was never in the hunt. Indeed, the contest may be very briefly described. Throwaway held a commanding lead for the first circuit, and for fully a mile and six furlongs looked able to retain it to a certain victory. But Imari headed him in the last half-mile, and putting in tremendous work was already saluted as winner.

Mark Time forged ahead in pursuit, overhauled Throwaway, but could not catch Imari in the dash up the straight. There was only three parts of a length in the verdict, and a similar distance separated second and third.

Many were the congratulations to Mr. Low. That owner must have been particularly well pleased, because Imari started his career as a great promise only to be "crippled" in his preparations for subsequent important races. In this connection great credit is due to his experienced trainer, S. Pickering, of Newmarket.

GREY FRIARS.

Yesterday's racing returns and to-day's programme will be found on p. 14.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1905

LOVE AND SACRIFICE.

TO-DAY, in spite of corporate and individual protests from people who like to keep their patriotism and their pockets quite distinct, the Portsmouth Defence Boom is to be tried, and the harbour will be closed to commercial traffic.

We are very glad the authorities have not allowed their decision to be shaken. We are glad, for one thing, because it most desirable that they should know whether their defensive arrangements will work before the time comes to use them against an enemy. We are glad also that the country should for once have a lesson in practical patriotism.

What does being patriotic mean? It means loving your country. It is no question of being ready to sacrifice something for your country, for the love which is not sister to self-sacrifice is not worth the name of love at all. We all call ourselves patriotic, but how much, as a matter of fact, are we ready to give up for our country?

We give her no personal service, as other nations do. The very word "conscription" arouses our worst passions. When she is at war we most of us content ourselves with sending out a few shiploads of knitted comforters. We only pay taxes because the collectors look after us so sharply.

We grumble when our business is interfered with for one day by a most important experiment in harbour defence. What should we do in actual war-time if the trade of whole districts had to be suspended, if householders were called upon to feed and house troops, or even to go into the firing-line themselves?

"Ah," you say, "in war-time it would be different." Never believe it. Character is moulded by everyday life, not by emergencies, and the character of a people which shrinks from any patriotic sacrifice in peace is certain to show up very badly indeed when war comes.

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.

In a medical paper one looks for physical, rather than philosophical problems. Yet the "British Medical Journal" tucks away in its "answers to correspondents" column, as puzzling a moral conundrum as has ever been debated by metaphysicians.

A certain doctor, it appears, has been consulted by a railway signalman, upon whose work the lives of thousands of passengers depend every day. He has discovered that the signalman is suffering from a disease of the heart. At any moment he may drop down dead.

The doctor tells him this and urges him to give up his employment. The signalman refuses. He will let the passengers take their chance rather than begin life over again in some other occupation. The doctor, therefore, is haunted by the knowledge that at any moment an appalling disaster may occur.

The suggestion that he ought to warn the railway company of the terrible risk to the safety of the public is scouted by our medical contemporary. A doctor must on no account "violate the rule of professional secrecy." In fact, it comes to this: In the opinion of the "British Medical Journal" the security of thousands of passengers is of less importance than medical etiquette.

Priests who hear confessions are sometimes placed in situations of this painful kind. But then priests are bound by an oath of secrecy. There is no such obligation upon doctors. It seems to us that a doctor's duty in such a case would be clear. He ought to make the facts known.

The rule that doctors shall not disclose what their patients tell them is a very good rule, but even to the best rules there must be exceptions. Is this not one of them?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy Mother Church which ever was or ever shall be.—*Rushin.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

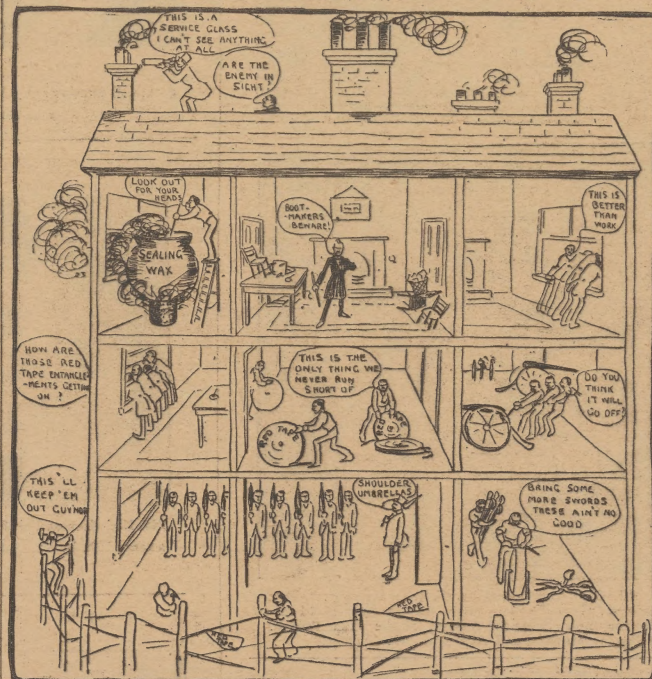
THIS appears to be the season for accidents, and the latest victim is the Rev. Dr. Edgell, who has just had a severe fall from his tricycle. Dr. Edgell was for years Chaplain-General to the Forces, and has been connected with the Army ever since 1861. He has lived abroad a good deal, particularly in Nova Scotia, and an amusing incident shows how great was the sympathy felt for him out there. At one place where he was to preach the congregation filled the place hours before the service began, and when the choirboys arrived they had to be hoisted to their places over the heads of the multitude.

The accident which has brought on Sir Frederick Milner's present illness, which I am sorry to hear still troubles him, happened to him last March. He was knocked down by a cab, and, curiously enough, within a few yards of the spot where Mr. Chamberlain, a year or so before, was hurt in a similar way. Sir Frederick is well known by his friends as the owner of the most illegible handwriting in London. He wrote to an M.P. once and received this answer: "I have this morning received a letter from 11, Hereford-gardens, bearing a communication which I am unfortunately

the matinee which is to be given at the Lyceum next Tuesday in aid of the Nelson Widows' Relief Fund. The Duchess of Fife's name heads the long list of patronesses. Those who attend the matinee will not only be contributing to a most deserving object, but will be rewarded by an excellent entertainment, for Messrs. George Giddens, Louis Bradfield, J. E. Sullivan, as well as Mesdames Helen Mar, Aurélie Revy, and Decima Moore have already promised their services.

Mr. James Gordon-Bennett, the proprietor of the "New York Herald," whose "Old Philadelphia Lady" joke has just caught Prof. or Ray Lankester, as we recorded yesterday, is very fond of this kind of humour. A friend of mine once wrote to say that such frivolity was unworthy of a serious newspaper. His letter was inserted, with the headline, "Don't Lose Your Hair, Charlie" (Charles was my friend's name), by way of retaliation. The fact is that Mr. Bennett cares for no man's opinion of the paper. He was equally independent in action when, as a young New York "blood," he used to give amazing suppers to his friends at Delmonico's restaurant. Often in Paris he invites large numbers of people to lunch, and occasionally does not turn up himself. He is, in spite of all, a

WAR OFFICE PREPARED TO REPEL BOOTMAKERS.



The aggravated bootmakers who are marching on London expect to reach the capital to-night. At the War Office Mr. Arnold-Forster and his staff are understood to be quite ready for them.

unable to decipher. I will therefore carefully imitate the signature and return the letter."

There are rumours "in the air" to the effect that the late Lord Grimthorpe left more than one will, but the latest of them, if there were indeed several, seems to have been a remarkably equitable document. Lord Grimthorpe was evidently determined that the heiress to his title, Mr. Ernest Beckett, should be made more than ever a man of leisure, since he provided him with a fortune equivalent to the large one he had always enjoyed, and stipulated that he should leave business altogether. Mr. Beckett's two brothers divide the interest in the bank, and also receive a large sum of money, while the rest of the late peer's fortune is divided amongst a number of poorer relatives.

Her friends in London will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Lewis Hill has fallen ill abroad. Mrs. "Sam" Lewis, as she is better known, left England with her husband, Captain Hill, for a tour in the Colonies last November, and it was hoped that this would give her the rest she finds it impossible to secure in England. A charitable person like Mrs. Lewis is for ever busy. Even a tour abroad with her is like a Lady Bountiful's progress. When she was last in Constantinople she distributed large sums to relieve the unspeakable poverty there, and the Sultan was so pleased that he sent her a magnificent Turkish Order in token of esteem.

An extraordinary number of interesting and distinguished people have promised their support to

most attractive man, and would have made, I am sure, a capital Emperor of Rome, a kind of Nero, with more urbanity about him than that "wondrous artist" ever had.

A detestation of art and of the wealth which buys it appears to have been the motive of the wanton destruction which has just taken place in Mr. John Jacob Astor's American country house on the Hudson. Mr. Astor is not one of the millionaires who ought to excite such frantic jealousies. He is freer than most of his class from the mania for advertising his wealth, and perhaps his only caprice is a taste for engine-running, which is shared by many millionaires. Another American, Dr. Seward Webb, used to be for ever driving engines through the wilds "out West." He was much admired for his proficiency in the sport.

When the peasants saw a special train hurtling along at an astonishing speed, they used merely to say: "There goes Dr. Webb," and if they came upon a broken cart swung off the rails, they would say: "The Doctor must have come right here last night." Another "rich" trait in Mr. John Jacob Astor is his dislike to having anything denied him. I remember hearing that he wanted two stalls for the theatre not long ago, but was told that there were "none left." "What!" he cried in a voice of thunder, "Go and get two at once. No—not two, but three. One will do for the wraps." The name of Astor did, I believe, finally produce the seats required.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WHERE DO WE STAND?

Although a total abstainer myself, I cannot but think that alcohol, like many other poisons, used as medicine, is beneficial in some cases. This does not, however, justify people in poisoning themselves at every meal.

I agree with Mr. Naylor, and offer the same advice—"Beware of drinking doctors." It is invariably they who order alcohol in many cases to get into favour with the patients, who would give them up if they were ordered not to drink alcohol in any form.

Church-road, Hove.

Mr. Watson's teachers must indeed have been very ignorant if they described alcohol as a food, or as an aid to digestion, when it has been proved again and again to be exactly the reverse.

As far back as 1822, Dr. Beaumont proved by experiment that alcohol was a very great hindrance to digestion, and Dr. Cheshire some years ago ridiculed the idea that alcohol is a food, so to say that Sir F. Treves has come forward with his assertions in the eleventh hour is but a fancy, and not a reality.

Beeches. JOSEPH H. BROWN, F.T.L., A.T.Sc.

"STAGE ENGLISH."

"May I suggest that neither 'me,' 'mee,' nor 'my' represents the pronunciation of the word on the stage, and, in many cases, off."

If "my" is pronounced as the syllable "ly" in the word "lovely," I think that will be found the most general pronunciation of this poor little, much-discussed word.

Though other words are often mispronounced on the stage—for instance, "cousin" is too often "cous-in"—usually in the affected style, the actor's English is in most cases more correct than that of his audience and critics.

St. Leonards-on-Sea.

IS THE CRINOLINE COMING?

I fancy the fear expressed in your amusing little article arises from the fact that pieces of whalebone, and sometimes of steel, are being put into the bottoms of skirts to keep them away from the feet. This improves the look and set of the skirts, and is more comfortable for walking too. But I do not believe it will ever develop into "hoops," or, as you put it, "burlesque butter-tubs."

Norfolk-street, Park-lane. STELLA DE GEX.

FOREIGN BIRDS IN LONDON.

I have had Pekin robins in a partly-open outdoor aviary for a year, and the fog has not killed them or spoilt their colour.

Last year I saw an escaped rose-breasted cockatoo on Primrose Hill, as well as an Indian ring-necked parrot. They were both flying about most of the summer, and seemed on excellent terms with some rooks there.

C. D. GINN.

19, Princess-road, Regent's Park, N.W.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Dr. Peter Taylor Forsyth.

HIS striking address as chairman of the Congregational Union has provided the world with much food for reflection. When a Non-conformist speaks as Dr. Forsyth has just spoken his voice is recognised as that of one who knows, and even those whose sympathies are not with the Evangelicals stop to listen to it.

The fact is, indeed, that Dr. Forsyth's mind is broader than his creed—or, let us say, his exposition of his creed is more liberal than that of most of his fellow-ministers.

He is a metaphysician, as most true Scotchmen are, and has followed the Absolute in Aberdeen and afterwards in Germany. He is a Scotsman whose intellect has been nourished on German thought and whose imagination has developed in the sight of open spaces and freedom.

His interests do not centre exclusively in Church matters. He has studied the idealistic art of the time profoundly, and has written a penetrating criticism of Watts, Burne-Jones, and Holman Hunt.

He has read widely in English literature, and admires Browning. To someone who complained of the poet's obscurity he once replied: "For those who don't want to open oysters there's plenty of tea and toast." He also is amongst the epigrammatists.

Only his high-strung nerves and a certain feebleness of constitution marked in his pale, anxious face, have kept him from playing an even more important part than he has played in the life of his time.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 10.—Day by day the glorious sun awakens new treasures in the garden. In a single night a rhododendron bud has burst, a fuller blue spread over the bluebells. Graceful buds now hang from the wisteria (one of the loveliest climbers), flowers begin to deck the luxuriant mountain clematis.

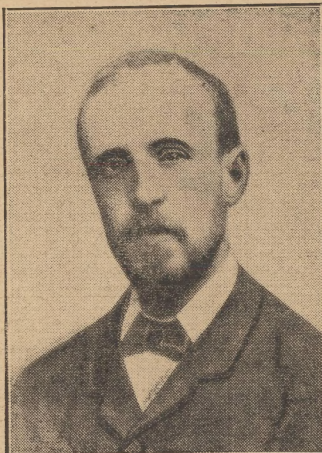
Although the rock-crests droop a little, here comes the "snow-in-snow" (that pretty edging plant with silvery-green foliage) to take its place. No flowers enjoy the hot sun more than the anemones. "Fulgens" can be seen fifty yards off—a scarlet patch. Scarlet, yellow, white, these are the colours that gladden one's eyes after the brown winter days.

E. F. T.

"3 ACRES & 1 COW"



Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C.

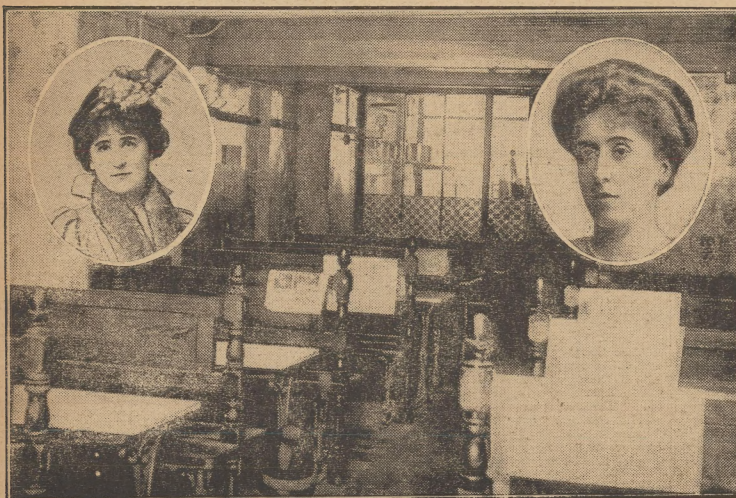


Mr. H. Turney.



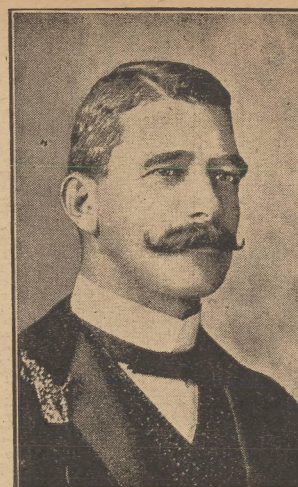
At a political meeting at Reigate Mr. H. Turney, of Redhill, interrupted Mr. Hall, exclaiming: "What about the three acres and a cow?" Mr. Hall retorted: "I would give you three acres if you could cultivate it and a cow if you could milk her." Mr. Turney now claims the reward, as he is a farmer. These photographs show him digging his farm and milking a cow.

DINNERS FOR THREEPENCE EACH.



Interior of the new Princess Dining Rooms, at 47, Mile End-road, started by Miss Gertrude Kingston (whose portrait appears in the left-hand corner) with the patronage of Princess Louise (whose portrait is seen on the right).—(Ellis and Walery and Lafayette.)

AMERICAN CONSUL AND HIS HE



Mr. Archibald Mackerdy, United States Consul at Muscat, Persian Gulf, will be garet's, Westminster, to Miss Olive Christian Malvery, a clever young Indian v magazine by disguising herself as a "coster" and factory girl

OPEN-AIR SEASON OPE



Mr. Nicholson and his family leave London on Saturday for a caravan trip a room 10ft. by 6ft. In the second photograph Mr. Nicholson's caravan (the ing tent use

A HAPPY LITTLE BUCKINGHAM



Jack Simla, of the West Coast of Africa, who is employed by Mr. Ernest who thought he was a slave, told him to run away, and as a result silly Buckinghamshire. The photographs show him at his master's home.

WINDOO BRIDE.



carried on Saturday at St. Mar-
er, who obtained "copy" for a
(Downey.)

MR. GEO. ROBEY.



The comedian is a member of the
M.C.C., and is practising this week
at Lord's. During the winter months
he makes Association football the
opportunity for the display of his
athletic proclivities.

—LIFE IN A CARAVAN.



England. Picture No. 1 shows his family getting accustomed to living in
ne on the right) is seen in a gipsy encampment. The third picture is a sleep-
"overflow."

E "SLAVE."



hill, near High Wycombe. A neighbour,
stories were circulated about slavery in
otograph appears in the left-hand corner.

LITTLE HEROINE.



Gladys May Rushton,
who, at the risk of her
life, saved her little
brother from being
run over at Stoke-on-
Trent.

General Gribble's Army of
STRIKING BOOTMAKERS

WELL RECEIVED EN ROUTE TO THE WAR OFFICE.



The top photograph shows the Raunds striking bootmakers, who are en route to London, to lay their
grievances before the War Office, encamped half-way between Bedford and Luton. The second photo-
graph shows "General" Gribble's men taking luncheon. The last is the arrival at Luton. The men are
going in to take tea with the deputy mayor.

SPY WAITERS.

Is the Foreign Waiter in England
a Paid Secret Servant of His
Own Country?

No longer can the tall youth with the Teutonic accent who misunderstands one's orders at lunch and dinner be ignored. We shall have to be careful what we say before him in future. Our conversation must be confined to criticisms of the weather and praise of the Kaiser, for he is probably a spy.

At least, Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith has declared that in that capacity he, the foreign waiter, is a national danger.

If the gallant admiral is not actually right, he is certainly not far from the truth. That certain of our Continental rivals do find it worth while to have spies in England is beyond question, and that being so, it is unlikely that they should overlook so obvious and excellent a disguise as that of a foreign waiter.

The disguise is good, since the Englishman, with his insular contempt for the foreigner, ignores his presence, and because the spy can have a thorough knowledge of English and yet pass for being ignorant of anything more abstruse than the difference between thick and clear soup. He does not always seem to know as much as that.

But the danger is a real one. The foreign spy has a very real existence.

ART STUDENT SPIES.

Germany, for instance, fully appreciates the value of information gleaned by such means. German art students in Paris are one class of such spies. The spy does not take the disguise of a student, but is a student first and a spy incidentally. He has no special quest, and is spying on no particular object, but for a small annual income, usually about £30 a year, he sends to the German Government any information he thinks may be of international value.

Then, too, as an artist he is able to make sketches without exciting suspicion. Any fortifications he may see, any new guns, or anything else of military importance is sketched and sent to Berlin.

One thing is certain, the foreign waiters in London, as a whole, are quite ignorant of any spying going on in their midst. Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* made some inquiries on the subject from the secretary of the Hotel Employees Society in Shaftesbury Avenue, the society which deals with the large number of the 10,000 or more foreign waiters in London.

His first answer was to laugh, and then to look interested. The idea struck him first as absurd. Then he was interested in trying to find ways to refute the accusation.

The necessary refutation was not so easy to

find. He was confident there were no spies, or rather that he had never heard of any. But in an argumentative form, however, his reasons bore out his belief.

The average waiter stays in England for a year and a half to two years. He then returns home. In that time he would not be able to get sufficiently in touch with English people to be a useful spy.

Those who do stay are divided into two classes. One class is composed of men who cannot go back to their own countries as they have left to avoid military service. Naturally they are not anxious to help the country which has driven them away. The second class consists of such foreign waiters as have been married to an English wife or prospered in business. They become naturalised as soon as possible, and are more English than we are ourselves.

FOREIGN DETECTIVES.

That disposes of the waiter as a casual spy, merely on the look-out for any odds and ends of information he may hear.

The professional spy may masquerade as a waiter in another matter. So he might as a policeman.

One little piece of information was to be gleaned, however. Scotland Yard has a number of detectives among the foreign waiters. If Scotland Yard has, probably the police of other countries have also. If the police, why not other Government departments?

Only two authentic cases of spying by waiters were to be discovered, and they were both as personal, not as travelling, as the first. The first walked calmly into an employment agency and announced himself as a spy, but further inquiry showed that he meant he had come "to spy out the land." He did so so thoroughly that in two years he owned a business, and is now a wealthy man and very much an Englishman.

The second was doing a little spying on his own account. He was in search of one of his own countrymen, a wealthy man, who had wronged him. He served as a waiter in a West End restaurant for ten months before the man he wanted came in. Having once found his man, he returned home a month later, fully revenged.

Waiters have been known to seek blackmail, but spying as a profession, and as understood in Germany and Russia, is unknown.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

RHODES'S STEAMSHIP GUIDE. Phillips, 2s. How to travel, where to travel, and in fact, all about travelling by sea. Contains a whole atlas of maps, an album of ship photographs, and a directory of steamship companies.

THE LADIES' GOLF UNION OFFICIAL YEAR-BOOK FOR 1905. Edited by Miss Isabella Pearson, the hon. secretary of the G. U. Contains full particulars of the 109 clubs associated to form a central authority and establish uniformity of rules and handicaps.

THE RATIONAL ALMANAC, by Moses B. Cotsworth, Cotsworth, York, 6s. Traces the evolution of modern almanacs from those of ancient times, and exposes the absurdities of the present system, by which such holidays as Christmas and Easter fall on no fixed day of the week. At the same time it suggests a remedy.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Typical Wit from the Press of
Germany and America.

"It is surprising how many fools there are in the world."
"Yes, and generally there is one more than one thinks!"—"Simplicissimus" (German).

Mr. Isaacstein: So you want my daughter? Could you lend me ten thousand dollars for sixty days without security?

Mr. Rosenbaum: Vy, off course I could, Mr. Isaacstein, but I wouldn't!
Mr. Isaacstein: Take her!—"Puck" (American).

Workman: "I have just married, sir, and I should be glad if you could raise my wages."

Employer: "But, my good man, don't you understand that I am only responsible for misfortunes which happen while you are actually engaged upon your work?"—"Lustige Blätter" (German).

"It is pretty hard," said the Tsar, suddenly arousing himself from a brown study.

"What does your Majesty mean?" asked the courtier.

"It's pretty hard to think of suing for peace when you feel as if you ought to be suing for damages."—"Washington Star."

300-YEAR-OLD FARE.

"The Silent Woman," Produced by the Mermaid Repertory Theatre.

Another vote of thanks is due to Mr. Philip Carr. He opened his season at the Great Queen-street Theatre with an excellent performance of Sheridan's "Critic." This week he is giving Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman."

The story deals with a crabbed old man who hates any sound but that of his own voice. He is on the look-out for a "silent woman," and declares that, as soon as he finds one, he will marry her and disinherit his nephew.

This nephew, with some scapegrace friends, dresses up a boy as the "silent woman," and a mock marriage ceremony takes place. Then the supposed "woman" plays the part of a veritable virago, and introduces every kind of feasting and noise into the old man's house.

Finally, the nephew undertakes to get the old man released from his marriage vows if he will recognise him as his heir. To this the uncle readily agrees, and the "silent woman" is rapidly transformed back to a boy.

The whole play is full of excellent fooling, and the Mermaid Repertory Company scored a complete success.

"Steady, boy—all right, old boy," Merrick whispered, and the colt recognised his voice and pricked his ears.

Was the window too narrow to admit his body? Surely, it would purposely have been built so. Merrick raised himself a little higher. No; the room, just sufficient room for him to squeeze his body through.

CHAPTER XI.

Arthur Merrick was acting on the impulse of the moment in suddenly visiting King Daffodil in the middle of the night. A peculiar impulse that came to him strangely and suddenly.

Perhaps the Epsom home, Joe Marvis, and Lyndal—the roses and the nightingale—had revived old memories and stirred old desires; memories and desires that had been lulled into somnolence by the voice of the siren at Vogel's palace.

True, he had evinced no desire to see the horses on his arrival late that afternoon; he, joint hero with King Daffodil, had not so much as inquired for the colt that the hopes of Epsom would soon be centred in.

But he had thought a great deal nevertheless. The man, or woman, who has spent his life among horses looks upon them in quite a different spirit from the rest of the world.

To the Arab his horse is his life, taking precedence even over his wife. The English enthusiast does not go quite so far as this, but his stable is as dear to his heart as the nursery to the English matron, and his colts and fillies are as wonderful amusements as the bawling infants of the proud young mother.

Arthur Merrick had been disloyal to King Daffodil, the equine son and heir of Rose Cottage. Disloyal in thought if not in very deed.

For the woman he loved had said that if King Daffodil won the Derby, won the equine crown of glory, she would be "rained!"

And he—he had said that the colt should not win. What else had his promise to Dolores meant?

What else his vow that nothing should come between them, nothing should harm her?

A man often finds himself unexpectedly at the cross-roads of his life, having to choose between two women, and he finds that choice difficult and dangerous enough.

Both roads are pleasant, but he can only tread one! And one is narrow and dark, and the way unknown—the other, broad and inviting, aflame with brilliant flowers.

(Continued on page 11.)

AN IMPERIAL RACE.

In a recent speech Lord Rosebery stated that "The first duty of an Imperial Government is to rear an Imperial Race," and readers will doubtless agree with this. Connected in a very direct way with the rearing of the future men and women of this Empire is the question of the proper feeding of infants. The future of the race will depend largely on the way the infants of to-day are fed, and if our future citizens are to be strong, healthy, and vigorous, possessing fine, muscular frames, keen intellects, and active brains, it is absolutely necessary that the food given during the first year or two of life should be such as will build up sturdy bodies.

FACTS ABOUT BODY BUILDING.

Everyone recognises that it is not sufficient to merely give food of some kind, as a rule quite equally important that the food given should be of the right sort, and this is where the difficulty comes in. It is not everyone who has that thorough knowledge of the principles of scientific feeding that enables a wise decision to be come to as to the best food. A perfect food must be so combined as to effect several different purposes, as some constituents are needed to produce heat and fat, others are required to assist in the formation of bone, and yet others to form flesh, and no food is satisfactory unless it answers these various conditions.

PREPARED FOODS.

There are an enormous number of foods recommended for feeding babies, invalids, dyspeptics, and the aged; but many fail in some one particular point on which we have insisted. There is one, however, which is a perfect food and has a truly magnificent record behind it. It is now more than forty years ago since Mr. John Savory, who was himself a medical practitioner, took up the question of a perfect food in conjunction with Baron Liebig, and "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" was the result.

To print the mass of evidence in favour of "Savory and Moore's Best Food" would require several issues of this paper, but it may be stated that a mass of testimony has been received from mothers, nurses, doctors, and the Medical Press. All affirm that it is a wonderful food for building up bone, brain, and muscle.

STRONG POINTS IN ITS FAVOUR.

Infants fed on "Savory and Moore's Best Food" will grow up to be healthy children and fine men and women, well developed mentally and bodily, with strong teeth not liable to decay. They will put on firm flesh, have rosy cheeks, will increase normally in weight, cut their teeth naturally, and develop muscular strength, and are free from many infantile ailments. For invalids, the aged, and those whose digestion is temporarily impaired, "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is the very thing to build up, strengthen, and restore body, brain, and muscle. It is for these, amongst other reasons, that the Medical Press praise it so highly, and that innumerable medical men use "Savory and Moore's Best Food" in their own families. Better evidence of excellence cannot be required.

SOMETHING TO AVOID.

There are grave objections to the use of prepared food. The digested food was not properly exercised they will be weak, undeveloped, and unequal to the demands of life. Whilst "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is easy of digestion, it at the same time makes some small demand upon the digestive organs, which are consequently properly trained and developed. In the child's future, this is most important; and as regards invalids, the digestive organs should be exercised, and so gradually strengthened.

A FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

Invalids, the aged and dyspeptic who find ordinary food difficult of assimilation will do well to try "Savory and Moore's Best Food." It is easily retained, and gives the needed nourishment.

A ROYAL FOOD.

"Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is used in the royal nurseries of England and Europe; the latest addition to the list being that of the Court of Italy. At the National Health Exhibition, when the jury consisted of the highest medical authorities on the treatment of children and the leading scientific experts, Savory and Moore were awarded the only gold medal for a malted infants' food.

"SAVORY AND MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS"

is supplied by Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 6s., and 10s., or a LARGE TRIAL TIN will be sent post free for six penny stamps by Messrs. Savory and Moore, Ltd., London, to the King, at 143, New Bond-street, Chemists, W., to all who mention the *Daily Mirror*.

WORTH WRITING FOR.

An interesting little book will be sent containing advice as to the way "Savory and Moore's Best Food" should be used for invalids, convalescents, and the aged. The handbook also explains how to rear strong and healthy children, and gives the correct height of infants at different ages, weight (with a table for recording these fortnightly), muscular development, and the age at which the various teeth should be cut. Food tables for infants up to the age of about two years are also included, and there is a very large amount of useful information. Send a postcard, saying that you would like the book, and Savory and Moore will be pleased to send same to your address, but it will be better if you send a letter without delay enclosing six penny stamps and obtain the large trial tin.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom. **SIR TATTON TOWNLEY:** A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating young widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER X. (continued).

Locking his bedroom door Merrick unstrapped his kit-bag and took out a photograph, and in the darkness and secrecy of his own room he kissed it passionately.

Could any loss count beside his gain? He had found love. Dolores loved him!

He lit his candle, and, sitting down by the open window, he looked long and ardently at the photograph in his hand.

"Yes," he whispered under his breath; "yes, I love you better than anything in the world."

A big, red monthly rose nodded its head outside the window-sill—a red rose full blown. He came forward and touched it. It reminded him of Dolores—red and full and heavy with perfume. He put his face close to it—and it broke, and its petals fell like red raindrops, leaving a bare heart and naked stalk.

A single note suddenly burst into song, glad, passionate song. Merrick sighed. He ought to go to bed, but his brain was alive with a thousand thoughts, feelings, and desires.

The peace and beauty of the home stirred him strangely; the atmosphere was so different from the struggle that surrounded Vogel's palace. The flowers here had a different perfume, the birds a different song; the bed-linen, the pillows and curtains possessed a different smell—a home scent.

He tried to picture Lyndal in Vogel's house, and failed. Then, as he realised what he was doing, he

mentally kicked himself and picked up Dolores's photograph and looked at it again.

There was nothing in the world that he would not do for her!

Nothing? The moon shone full on the long line of stables now, falling softly on the red tiles and sloping roofs. Merrick's eyes fastened themselves there—there, under jealous look and key and bolt, and he slept the hope of Sir Tatton, the pride of old Joe Marvis, the future Derby winner.

The horse, whose name would be in the mouth of every man in England, in the mouth of half the men in the world, the horse whose name would glow in history, and whose progeny would perpetuate his fame. The horse who would prove himself the king of horses, if he won the great race, the Blue Riband of the turf—King Daffodil.

Dolores's photograph slipped to the floor; the blood crept quicker through Merrick's veins.

Merely horseflesh? That horse was more than human to Arthur Merrick, as perfect in breeding, as perfect in beauty as—Lyndal herself. And as gentle and well behaved.

What would Dolores think of King Daffodil when she met him?

He picked her photograph up, looked at it, looked across at the moon-lit stables. Then he looked at his watch, and the room and quietude opened his bedroom door. The house was in darkness, all was still. Joe Marvis had gone to bed.

Steadily he crept down the staircase, felt his way to the front door, and noiselessly drew the bolts and walked out on to the lawn.

The grass would not echo his footsteps.

Keeping in the shadows, he made his way to the stables and passed down the long building until he came to the door that he knew led to King Daffodil's box.

Of course, it was locked, but he tried it.

Yes, locked and bolted fast and safe. Some of the lads would be sleeping overhead a little further down, but they slept soundly—he knew them.

On the right, a good height from the ground, was a window partially open. Merrick found a foothold in a projecting brick and, rising, he caught hold of the window-sill and slowly drew himself up level. He opened it wider, and inserted his head and shoulders.

A gleam of moonlight showed him King Daffodil; the horse started from his sleep and jumped nervously across his box.

FLOTILLA OF TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS AT DOVER.



A great gathering of small warships is taking place in Dover Bay. The Admiralty intend making the port a base for this class of vessel.—(Photograph, Harrie.)

CAN FINGER PRINTS DECEIVE?

Fears of Many "Daily Mirror" Correspondents Set at Rest.

Is the thumb-mark system of identification infallible?

That is the question a number of correspondents ask, and most of them send thumb-prints made by themselves and others, which seem to them to be very much alike.

Here is one letter as an example:—

I enclose thumb-prints of two persons living in the same house, not related to one another, and I venture to say there is as much difference in the two you printed on Monday, as may be seen in these specimens.

It seems to me the chances of duplication are very great indeed—this being my first trial of comparison—and I certainly should not like my life to hang upon the similarity of these two prints.

Shortlands, Kent.

E. FREETH.

Now, in order to show how small prints may deceive with an appearance of similarity, we have had the thumb-marks sent us by this correspondent enlarged and reproduced on this page.

The lifesize marks certainly did look somewhat alike, but the difference is now easily seen.

The finger-prints in the possession of the police are enlarged even more than this.

SIMILAR BUT NOT IDENTICAL.



Two thumb-prints of different persons, sent by a correspondent, who is afraid that they are sufficiently alike to lead to a miscarriage of justice if identification were based on them.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

To choose between a horse and a woman seems easy enough.

What if the horse represented honour and the woman—dishonour?

What if, at the cross-road where Merrick still hesitated, the little finger-post pointed one hand, strangely enough, towards the narrow, circular course on Epsom Downs, famous the world over, pointed a hand on which was emblazoned in great white letters:—

"TO DUTY."

And the other hand—the hand to which Love clung trembling—was inscribed in red characters:

"TO DOLORES."

Love and duty; honour and dishonour.

Merrick had been afraid to visit the stables with honest old Joe Marvis or Lyndal Maybrick; he had been afraid to look at those big children that loved and trusted him, the colts and fillies with their soft, sleek coats and big, luminous, faithful eyes. He knew that at the sound of his voice King Daffodil would turn his head and look at him—and read his secret. Instinct would tell the brute what reason hid from the human.

Merrick could face Marvis and Lyndal and the stable lads, even his foster father Sir Tatton, with the voice of the Tempter whispering in his ears: "Deceive them for the woman's sake. Lie to them because love is stronger than truth."

But he dared not face the helpless, trustful, dumb brutes whom he loved and who loved him; he dared not face them unless he was alone—quite alone and hidden from human eyes.

They would read his secret, see into his soul, and reflected in their big, sad eyes other might read it too.

There is a strange magnetism between horse and jockey; the grip of the man's knees, the touch of his hands on the reins—a strange, nameless language—one might almost call it a language of the soul of superior man had not man denied inferior brutes the spiritual appendage they often show more signs of possessing than he himself—a strange language exists between the beast and the human that become as one living, thinking, feeling thing.

It is a wonderful and beautiful thing, this merging of the horse and the man into one living organisation, for one they do become during the brief seconds or minutes of a race—if the jockey is worth anything—and during those brief seconds each should,

and frequently does, know every one emotion and desire of the other.

It is not a fluke, it is not superior speed that often gets a horse's head in front of the winning post. It is something akin to a divine power.

This will explain why Merrick crept like a thief—or like a lover!—to visit the king of colts at dead of night when none might see the meeting.

It was hardly worth while, he cogitated, as he managed to get his shoulders right through the narrow window—it was hardly worth while forcing his way into the box; the colt had seen and recognised him, and he, in the yellow moonlight saw with a quickly beating heart the improvement that King Daffodil had made in his absence.

He was finer, cleaner—he saw that in an instant, even beneath the clothing. His coat shone like pure silk.

"Old boy," he said softly: "by Jove, you look like a picture—a Derby winner every inch of you."

He broke off suddenly. His voice, sad when he first spoke, suddenly cracked.

"My God," he groaned, "I cannot do it—it's too horrible—like murder—I can't do it—Marvis's first chance of the Derby—Sir Tatton's ambition—and the colt, I to ride him, to ride not to win."

Daffodil turned his head, lifted it, his delicate nostrils expanding nervously as he sniffed the air. He lifted his head higher, lifted it towards Merrick, and his eyes gazed at him—was it faith or reproach that lurked in their depths?

"Don't look at me like that," Merrick groaned, with a choking laugh. "You know—you've seen what's in my heart—and I've got to do it, I've got to ride you. . . I can't—I won't—"

He wriggled a few inches further through the window; then suddenly the moon disappeared behind a cloud, and all was dark.

King Daffodil backed nervously in his box; a horse lower down neighed, and from the distance outside, from the other side of the stable, where a certain cowhouse stood, echoed the rattle of heels—a regular vicious artillery.

The brute!

A second later there was a rapid scrunching of gravel, then the sound of footsteps on the pavement.

Merrick did not hear—he was trying to soothe the colt and cursing the darkness; suddenly he felt his legs seized from behind; he felt himself being dragged down, dragged back through the window!

He tried to get a grip on the window, he tried to kick his aggressor. In vain! Back came his

shoulders through the narrow opening, and with a crash he fell to the ground and rolled over and over, while a pair of arms wound themselves round him like hands of iron, forcing him down against the stones. Then he felt one hand steal to his throat and long, knotted fingers close around it.

Merrick was absolutely powerless, his arms were pinned beneath him, and his assailant knelt on his chest. He just managed to utter a cry for help and the fingers around his throat relaxed their grip slightly, then closed tighter as Merrick made a violent effort to free himself.

"No, you don't," growled the unknown aggressor.

Merrick recognised the voice.

"You fool!" he gasped, half-throttled. "You old fool, Billy—don't you know me?"

"Your father won't know yer when I've finished with yer," grunted Billy viciously.

Luckily the moon came out from behind the cloud that had obscured its light, and Billy saw the man whom he was fast choking to death.

He started with a cry of horror as he recognised Arthur Merrick, and though he took his hands from his throat he kept a tight grip on his arms.

"Let me go, you old idiot," Merrick panted angrily. "In another moment you'd have killed me! What on earth do you think you're doing? Let me go, I say!"

"An' what on earth d'you think you're doing, eh?" replied the evil-looking stablelad angrily. "Climbing into the stables at midnight, as if there wasn't such a thing as a key. What are you up to, Mr. Merrick?"

"That's my business."

With an oath Merrick flung the man off, and rose to his feet; he still drew his breath with an effort, his body was bruised and his face cut and bleeding.

The two men glared at one another in the moonlight; the young, well-bred gentleman and the old ex-racing tout, card-sharper, and ne'er-do-well.

There was a moment's silence; a light flickered in one of the bedroom windows in the house, but neither man noticed it.

"Get to bed," Merrick said at length, recovering his equanimity and speaking with authority. "You've gone a step too far this time; you'd better see Mr. Marvis in the morning, before you start work."

The one visible, undamaged eye of the old reprobate blinked angrily.

"Mightn't it be better if I was to see him now, here, and now, with you?"

(To be continued.)

The Minerva Piano Player



If you need a Piano Player, and have decided to have one of the best, the question of price need no longer prove a bar. We are offering the Minerva Piano Player at a price which is astonishing when you consider that its executive powers are equal to those of the higher priced players. The price is

25 guineas cash,

or on our deferred payment system. Write to us for catalogue and a list of the places where you can hear it played.

Murdoch, Murdoch & Co.,

Head Offices: Hutton House (Dep. C.), 81, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C. Birmingham, Brighton, Chatham, Dover, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, &c., &c.

To H.M. the King.

BUCHANAN'S
"SPECIAL"

(RED SEAL)

SCOTCH WHISKY

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

THE MAN IN THE MOON!

Does he wear Clothes or not? If so, we are prepared to send him or any other gentleman FREE Patterns of our Speciality Guinea SUITS, Made to Measure, the most remarkable value ever offered. Our Guinea SUIT to Measure is valued at 23 8s. by our customers. TROUSERS to Measure at 6/-, Superfine Quality SUITS at 27/6. On receipt of a postcard we will send, absolutely Free of charge, our large range of Spring and Summer (1905) Patterns, tape measure, fashion plate and full instructions how to measure yourself. Money returned if you are not satisfied. Call or write.

CURZON BROS.

(Dept. 155).

60 & 62, CITY ROAD, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1890.



CONFIDENTIAL FOURTH EDITION. Price 3/6 Post Free.

A Book of Information and Advice for the Married and Marriageable. By LYMAN B. SPERRY, M.D. "Treats a difficult subject tactfully and sensibly."—"Star."

IN THE SAME SERIES Price 3/6 each, Post Free. CONFIDENTIAL TALKS With YOUNG MEN. 3/6 CONFIDENTIAL TALKS With YOUNG WOMEN. 3/6

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER, 210, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A DINNER IN HASTE—PREPARATIONS FOR UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

A BRIDE IN THE KITCHEN.

A DAINTY REPAST QUICKLY COOKED AND QUICKLY SERVED.

It frequently happens that if there are rather "short commons" for dinner someone turns up and—usually it is the last person on earth one desires to see at that particular juncture.

This was my luck one day when I had arranged for my husband to get an extra substantial meal at midday, so that we might have a light supper and let Martin go out; for, lo and behold, a telegram arrived, "Jessie and husband coming back with me for the night." Now Jessie was my sister-in-law and a most irreproachable housekeeper, and I knew she regarded my efforts in that line with suspicion. She was distinctly critical, and made it almost a mission to give much advice "from my own experience" to those less gifted than herself.

I nearly wept, I felt so chagrined, and I was vexed for my husband's sake as well; but Martin, after one look at my tell-tale face, resolutely refused to go out, and I immediately felt ten years younger. We were to have supped off fried whiting, cold lamb, salad, and cheese, but after a survey of the larder and store-cupboard we drew up the following menu, after procuring a young fowl from the poulterer's.

MENU.

Whiting Soufflé.
Roast Lamb with Mint Sauce.
Spatchcock.
New Potatoes. Carrots à la Française.
Apricot Omelet.
Croutes of Caviare.

The whiting, instead of being fried, were converted into a

WHITING SOUFFLÉ.

INGREDIENTS:—About half a pound of whiting, one ounce of butter, two ounces of flour, one gill of cold water, three eggs, one gill of cream, salt and pepper.

Well butter a plain, round soufflé tin and tie a piece of buttered paper round it, to come two inches higher than the mould. Melt the butter in a pan, stir in the flour smoothly, then add the cold water. Stir the mixture over the fire till it turns thick and can be rolled round the pan without sticking to it. Next put this panada on a plate to cool. Scrape off all the flesh from the bones of the whiting; you will require half a pound. Pound it well in a mortar, add to it the panada and eggs, and pound it well again. Season it carefully with salt and pepper, then pass the mixture through a sieve.

Whip the cream lightly, then add it and put the mixture into the prepared mould. Place it in a saucepan with boiling water to come half-way up the mould, lay a piece of buttered paper over the top, and steam it gently for half an hour. Turn it out carefully on to a hot dish, pour over it some good white fish-sauce, and decorate it with chopped parsley, hard-boiled yolk of egg, or truffle.

Leg of Lamb Baked Over Again.

The leg of lamb, from which only a few slices had been removed, was re-baked in the oven, the space in it being filled in neatly with some cold nicely mashed potatoes. This prevented the meat drying where it was cut. Luckily some of the original gravy had been left over, and Martin was saving it to use later on, when the remains were hashed.

The second vegetable consisted of one of those most useful bottles of young carrots ready-cooked. These were heated thoroughly in a little stock, which was boiled down till it was quite thick. The carrots were placed in a hot dish and the semi-glaze was poured over them, also about two teaspoonsful of chopped parsley. They were delicious.

The fowl became

SPATCHCOCK.

INGREDIENTS:—One fowl, salt and pepper, a little chopped parsley, herbs and onion, a little butter, a few browned crumbs.

Cut the fowl straight down through the backbone, but not through the breast. Season it well inside and out with the parsley, onion, and herbs. Open the fowl quite flat and skewer it in position; brush it over with melted butter, and grill it till it is half cooked, then cover it with browned crumbs and finish cooking it. It will take about twenty minutes altogether. Remove the skewer and serve it as hot as possible with any kind of piquante sauce.

For the sweet we had a perfect

APRICOT OMELET.

INGREDIENTS:—Four eggs, two ounces of caster sugar, one ounce of butter, two tablespoonsful of jam.

Melt the butter in the omelet-pan. Divide the yolks and whites of the eggs, putting the former into a basin and the latter on to a plate. Add the sugar to the yolks and work them well together with a wooden spoon till they are light and frothy. Add a few grains of salt to the whites and whisk

them to a stiff froth, then add them to the yolks and mix them very lightly in. Pour the mixture into the pan, put the pan over a quick fire for a minute or two, then place it in a quick oven till the omelet is spongy and of a delicate brown. Turn it on to a thickly-sugared paper, spread the jam, which should be slightly warmed, on one half and fold the other half over. Serve as quickly as possible.

CROUTES OF CAVIARE.

Cut some neat rounds of bread and fry them in butter a pretty brown. Let them get cold. Work into two ounces of caviare a teaspoonful of finely-chopped shallot, the same of lemon-juice, and a dust of cayenne—use a wooden spoon for handling the caviare. Put a heap of the mixture on each croute and pipe a little fresh butter prettily round the edge. Put a tiny sprig of parsley on each and serve the croutes on a lace paper.

You see the advantage of having a few preserved



Should the present hot weather continue, dresses like the above lovely toilette, which is made of thistle blue mousseline, will be needed. The one shown is trimmed with pure white Valenciennes lace, and has a blue silk fichu-wrap edged with lace.

preparations by you, such as bottled vegetables, caviare, and so forth.

The dinner was really a huge success, and I was greatly complimented by both our visitors, and congratulated for possessing such a treasure as Martin.

PHOTOGRAPHS MADE ORNAMENTAL.

The photograph album is quite a thing of the past, but there are several substitutes for this thick plush-bound book with the heavy clasp which once found a place, and a very prominent one, in almost every drawing-room.

One of the substitutes for the dethroned album is a large box, sometimes oblong, sometimes square in shape, covered with various fabrics, such as satin, silk, damask, or tapestry, while other very handsome boxes are made of carved wood or reposed leather.

A pretty idea for a girl's boudoir is a photograph rack made of old tapestry which is tacked over the back of a small upright piano. The pictures are held by tightly-drawn gold gimp, which is latched across the material.

THIS WEEK AND NEXT.

USEFUL POCKETS FOR LETTERS AND TICKETS.

A convenient possession for a busy society or club woman is made of a stout panel of cardboard about a foot long and eight inches wide. To this



But for a dubious-looking day this is the gown to choose. It is carried out in dove-coloured cashmere, and is decorated with rows upon rows of machine stitchery—a favourite fashion just revived by a great and leading light in the world of tailors.

are attached two pockets, one above the other, lettered respectively: "This week," "Next week." A spray of flowers is painted on each pocket in conjunction with the fancy lettering.

The pockets are intended to hold the invitations, lecture tickets, theatre tickets, and other engagements for a fortnight. They are made from oblong pieces of cardboard six by four inches and a half, and are fastened to the panel by means of ribbon bows.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Do not, if you are going to make the curtains at home, buy them without taking the needful measurements beforehand.

Do not try to buy too much at once. No matter if the rooms do look a trifle bare at first, as time goes on you can gradually acquire more pretty things.

Do not purchase at the moment anything that happens to take your fancy, thinking that it will come in useful. In nine cases out of ten these impulsive purchases are regretted when too late.

Do not forget that it is extremely economical to buy as many carpets as possible of the same pattern. Consequently when in the future they wear out, it is easy enough by removing the threadbare parts and judiciously joining the remainder to turn two carpets into one.

Do not buy china of an uncommon design, which you will find difficult to match when broken. Plain white ware is to be recommended for ordinary use, as it is easily replaced when occasion requires, and if all the bedroom sets are of white or one pattern, economy will result when breakages occur.

For Early Summer Languor.

There is no drink so invigorating, so wholesome, so cooling and refreshing as EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE.

It quenches the thirst, cools the blood and keeps it cool.

Send 4½d. at once to your Grocer for a bottle of

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

A 4½d. Bottle makes 2 Gallons.

6/- SEWING MACHINE. 6/-

Patented. *Resale.*
Furnished by H.M. the Empress Alexandra of Russia.
THIS machine does work which will bear comparison with that of other machines costing higher prices. Entirely made of metal, with plated fittings, improved steel regulator, etc. It works at great speed. It has no complications like the old-fashioned treadle machines, therefore no experience is required. It works fine and causes materials equally as well.
Sent in wooden box, carriage paid, for 6/6; two for 12/6. Extra needles 6d. and 1s. packets.

Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials, or call and see the machine at work. Address—
SEWING MACHINE CO., R Dept.,
22 & 23, Brooke Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

Beauty.

For cleansing the skin and preserving it from roughness, chaps, blotches, hard water, cold, wind or fog, ICIEMA FLUOR Cream is unique, and alone imparts the delicate transparent tints that need no powder. Price 1/- Send 2d stamps for two samples (different seasons).

ICIEMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. R.), 142, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.



A PERFECT FIGURE.

Ladies who are thin can be quickly and easily developed by the wonderful new Maxine Treatment. The bust is enlarged, and figures that excite wonder and admiration are the result. The plainest woman may become beautiful and attractive by this marvellous new treatment. Full treatment sent post free on receipt of 6/6. Address—LADY MANAGER, 142, Acre Lane, London, S.W.

You Are Losing Money

and comfort so long as you wash with any other soap.

Fels-Naptha is a money-saver and comfort-maker.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitehall-st., E.C., between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), at the rate of 12 words 1/6 (1/4d. each word afterwards), except for Situations Wanted, for which the rate is 1/4 for 12 words, and 1d. per word after. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed Courts and Co. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

DAILY BARGAINS.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A.A.—HIGH-CLASS Credit Tailoring—"Imperial" Longsuits to measure, 54s. or 6s. monthly; selection of patterns. E.P. post free. Please call—Wittam Tailoring Co., 251, Old, City-Rd., E.C.

A.A.—New Gloves from old; the latest Parisian re-valuing and cleaning process; 6d. per pair, post free. F. H. Jones, 50, Golden-square, West.

A BARGAIN—Lady offers elegant 7-strand, extra wide A and long choice ostrich Marabout Stole, rich dark brown, perfectly new; sacrifice 11s. 9d.; another black stole 11s. 9d. Approval—Gwendoline, 65, Handforth-Rd., S.W.

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated Great Stamp—British Liana Company, Oxford-st., London.

A GREAT Bargain Clearance Sale of Petticoats, Blouses, and Corsets this week only; no reasonable offer refused, and 10 per cent. discount—Bond-st. Dress Agency, Ltd., 25, New Bond-st., Entrance Bloomsbury.

A LADY offers elegant seven-strand extra wide, long choice ostrich Marabout Stole; rich dark brown, perfectly new; sacrifice 11s. 9d.; another black stole 11s. 9d.; approval before payment—Eva, Caxton House, Upper Pulse Hill, London.

A SUIT or Overcoat on credit from 35s.; deposit 5s. balance 5s. 6d. weekly. West End Cutters only; latest materials—T. Russell and Co., 137, Fenchurch-st. and 58, Chancery-corner Bow-lane. All transactions confidential.

BARBY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, 68 articles, 21s., worth double; exquisitely made; Robes, etc.; approval—Call or write, Nurse Scott, 251 Uxbridge-Rd. (private house), near Alder Arms, Shepherd's Bush.

BARBY'S Long Choker; beautiful parcel 6s. 6d. cash—M. 21, Queen-square, Leeds.

BARGAIN—10s. 6d.; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 3 night-dresses, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 92, Uxbridge-Rd., Clapham.

"BEATALL" 1s. 3d. white remnant parcels; damasks, cambrics, muslins; testimonials daily.—Beatall, Roshden.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Clothes; sets of 50 articles, 21s.; bargain of loveliness; approval—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

BLOUSES, Costumes, Skirts, direct from warehouse, wholesale prices; send 2s. for sample blouse, light or dark; new summer catalogue post free—Wynne Bros., 155, Bridgewater-st., London.

BLOUSES made, ladies' own materials, from 2s.; exceptional references—Miss Course, Roshden.

BOOTS on Credit; Ladies' 6s., Gent. 10s. 6d.; good Business Suits 37s. 6d.; tailor-made Costumes 25s.; Jackets, Mantles, and Drapery delivered on small daily pattern and American self-measurement forms; post free; perfect fit guaranteed; no objectionable inquiries; quick delivery—Write Dept. No. 322, 2 Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Kingston, London, N.

DRESSMAKING—Ladies' own material made up; latest styles in voiles, muslins, cloth; terms made to suit; entry order, a specialty—25, Brecknock-Rd., Camden-Rd., N.W.

FASHION'S Craze: Cingulate Lawn; charming shades; 1s. 3d., double width; free samples—Cingulate, 62, Aldermanbury, E.C.

FORTY SHILLING Suit for 10s. 6d.—"Great Tailoring offer."—Dear Sir.—To enable you to understand that England is not a country of cheap goods, we have decided to advertise this wonderful Gentlemen's Tweed Suit at 10s. 6d., carriage free. Write now for our free pattern and measure yourself; this offer may not last much longer. Get all your friends also to avail themselves of our red British great offer. Clicks who come to us, Foremen write us. We are here to attend your wants and our prices are an eye-opener to the world. You write us. Postcard will do. If you have no stamp at home post it without; we like to hear from you—Yours faithfully for 25 years the Glasgow Tailor, Mr. D. J. D. 18 and 20, Oxford-st., next door Oxford Music Hall, London, W.

GEISIA Lawn, the latest fashion's craze; in permanent shades; patterns free—Geisia, 5, Balhouscourt, E.C.

GENTLEMEN'S Suits to Measure, 21s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Costumes to Measure, 52s. 6d.; terms cash—City Tailors (Park, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

GEISIA Lawn, the latest fashion's craze; in permanent shades; patterns free—Geisia, 5, Balhouscourt, E.C.

GENTLEMEN'S Suits to Measure, 21s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Costumes to Measure, 52s. 6d.; terms cash—City Tailors (Park, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

CRATIS to every lady, "Hosezone," the "Perfect" Sanitary Towel, with giraffe to fit any waist, free by post—The Hosezone Co., 15, Uxbridge-Rd., London, W.

GREAT Central Stores, 37, Queen Victoria-st., E.C.—Suits, etc., supplied on our new club system; latest fashions; call or write.